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GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW TURN IN THE WHEEL.

If there were those who suspected that the earl of Banbury had slain Sir Roland, they kept it to themselves, or only whispered it as a profound secret. It was proved that his lordship had arrived at Ravensdale, on the day of the murder, by the high road, and also that he returned by the same way. The people who lived round about had heard of the landing of the pirates, and of their carrying off Julian and Mark; and later still, as they supposed, of their abducting Margaret Glendower. So it was generally believed that the buccaneers had done the fatal deed. Sir Roland had himself been the magistrate for that section, before whom criminal examinations were generally held; but as the earl was also a justice of the peace, he held the examination himself, calling another justice from Claughton to sit with him. The coroner had rendered a verdict of death by the hands of some person or persons unknown, and the result of the magisterial examination amounted to no more.

Adam Nolan shook his head mysteriously, but he dared not say anything publicly. He and the old parish-sexton talked the matter over in all its bearings. The old man had told him how strangely the dogs had acted on that fatal day, and, notwithstanding the evidence which had been given in, they had no doubt between them as to who did the deed. But they never had Stanbury's power—they knew how people whom he seemed to dislike he disappeared of, and they thought it best to keep quiet for the present, and learn what more they could.

A will had been found, and in due time it was opened. There were some bequests of money to the servants, and a gift of ten thousand pounds to his only brother, and only surviving member of his father's family, Walter Dean. All the rest of the property—real estate, moneys, and bric-à-brac—was bequeathed to Emma. And furthermore, his brother Walter was appointed guardian of his child, and particularly to exist until she was twenty-one years of age, or until she was married.

Dame Stevenson had given up all hope.

"Alas!" she groaned, when Adam Nolan came to see her one day, "they have taken away my son, and I shall never see him again. They have taken away Julian Glendower, and the light of his smile will make me glad no more. They have banished Margaret from me, and her sweet voice can sound for me never more this side time! And now they have slain the man who was a friend to us all. Good Adam, don't you know something of all this?"

"I know so little that I might as well know nothing," the sexton replied. "Still, concerning Mark and Julian I can have no doubt. That they fell into the hands of the pirates is certain; but of Margaret I am not so sure. It may have been that the villains were lurking about here all the while. But, dame, there is something which I would have you tell me. Thou knewest how much cause a certain party had to fear, or hate, Margaret Glendower."

"Stop, Adam," the old lady cried. "My lips are sealed upon that. I could not tell you if I would, and I would not if I could. There is an evil spirit abroad that bears every word that is uttered. I do not believe the pirate killed Sir Roland."

"Then help me watch," said Adam. "What is left is lost, but there is some satisfaction in knowing where it went to, and that is what I mean to find out if I can. It may be that all our fears are fond. If they are known rest their souls! but if they are not, then I hope we may find them."

"And if we don't find them, I care not how soon I go!" returned the aged woman. "I have had sorrow enough—I have seen all I can bear!"

We've all seen sorrow, dame. We've cup has been deep and bitter. There's sorrow here; and there's sorrow at the lodge; and there's sorrow at Ravensdale. But still we don't know how much evil has been done. We know that Sir Robert is dead, but we don't know that the others are dead. Let us hope awhile longer."

Dame Warren could not wholly despair, but she could not find the hope Adam Nolan would hold out to her. She dared not tell him how deep were the grounds of her fears, for she dreaded the avenging demon that might come down upon her. Her grey head was bowed in sorrow, and she could not lift it up.

In due time Walter Dean came on from London, and was soon settled at Ravensdale, where he stepped into his dead brother's shoes, and at once took charge of the estate. He was a bachelor; eight-and-forty years of age; rather portly in person, and evidently shattered by long dissipation. The two brothers had not met for several years, and Sir Roland had not known the course of Walter's life. He had loved him, as one like him would naturally love an only brother, and had always supposed him upright and honorable. But he had not been long on the estate before the servants began to dislike him exceedingly. At times he was gentle and free, even to dignity; and strictly so while at others he was fractious and peevish, and not unfrequently, brutal. He drank deeply, and on more than one occasion, his attendants had put him to bed in a state of beastly intoxication.

Emma was unhappy enough without his new source of trouble. The blow which she suffered from the loss of Julian was still heavy upon her when that more fearful blow came with the death of her father. She had wept and mourned till her bloom had all faded from her cheek, and none she smiled there save a sad, quiet grief, seeking consolation in prayer and communion with the spirits of the departed. She soon saw enough of her uncle to dislike him exceedingly, but she tried to keep her thoughts to herself, hoping that she might never have any trouble with him. She knew that his power over her was the same as that of a parent, in so far as her own welfare was concerned, but she had no fears that he would interfere with any plans she might hold. She had even her suitor but once before, and that was when she was a mere child. She had heard her father speak of him often, and she knew that he thought him a different man from what he now proved himself to be.

"My father would never have made him my guardian had he known how debased he was," she said to Mary Nolan.

"Of course he wouldn't," returned Mary, who was a stout, fair-looking, warm-hearted maiden of thirty. "But that Lan'on is a bad place to bring such a man up in. They learn awful bad things there. The worst bad ought to have known how bad he was."

"He had no means of knowing, Mary. Walter's letters were always full of love, and he wrote that he was living well; and then, you know, he was the only brother I had."

"Your father used to send him money sometimes, didn't he?"

"Yes—a hundred pounds, or so, at a time."

"And I suppose he gambled it away."

"Gambled!" replied Emma, with a start. "Do you think he gambled?"

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have said anything about it, Emma; but I didn't think."

"You should tell me all you know," returned her heroine, earnestly. "for I would not rest in ignorance of anything that so nearly concerns me. Do you think he gambled?"

"Adam says he does. He goes to Scarborough sometimes; and he has been to Whitby; and——"

"And what, Mary?"

"I didn't hear any more to-be, for Adam made me promise that I would not tell you. I forgot myself when I told you so much."

"Never mind now, Mary. Tell me what you were going to say."

"It wasn't anything of any consequence, Emma."

"But I would know it. If you love me tell me all."

"Oh! you know I love you, dear mistress; and it's because I do love ye that I'd keep the rest to myself. But it isn't anything. You wouldn't care to know."

"But I do care to know," said Emma, almost sternly; "and I want you to tell me. I have borne too much already to have anything startle me now. What were you going to say?"

"If Adam is offended with me you'll——"

"I'll bear all the blame, and let him not mind you, Mary."

"Well, Emma, I was going to say that Sir Thomas Cleaveland has been with your uncle a good deal."

"Sir Thomas?" repeated the maiden, with a sudden start.

"Yes; they've been together much of late, and seem to be very intimate. But do not be alarmed, for, really, there may be nothing of harm in it."

"There must be harm in that man's companionship!" cried Emma. "Oh! I am sure as God is, the Earl of Stanbury bears dark intent upon his soul. Mary, where is he—I am sure he does."

"I hope not," said Mary.

"I wish I could hope so, for you may be assured that the thought is not a pleasant one. Ah—may never see Julian again! Mary, you do not know how much I love him."

"Yes, I do, Emma. I have seen him, and I have heard other people talk. Adam has told me all about him."

"And Adam liked him?" said Emma, looking like her companion's face.

"Yes, he did," replied Mary, with energy. "He says he never saw a man he liked so well."

Emma Dean rested her brow upon her hand, and her heart beat heavily, for the great cords of love which had bound her soul to earth were snapped asunder, and hope seemed fled from her forever. When Mary Nolan saw how her mistress was affected, she arose from her seat, and quietly withdrew.

Mary had spoken the truth concerning Walter Dean and Sir Thomas. They had been together much in London, and the intimacy was now renewed. They seemed well to understand each other's many respects. By a long course of dissipation and debauchery Walter had blunted whatever of moral sensibility he might once have possessed, and at the present time he had reached that point where passion and appetite held full sway. He boasted at nothing which could minister to his depraved cravings, and he wished for no concealment as to his real character. The first was a villain by nature, while the other had grown to be a villain from evil associations.

One afternoon Walter Dean rode over to Wold hill, and asked the earl to go with him to Scarborough.

"What's on hand now?" Sir Thomas asked.

"Only amusement, my boy. We'll go to the club, and find some way to kill time. What say you?"

"I'll go, with all my heart," was the ready reply.

ANOTHER GAMBLER.

In a few minutes the east was ready, and the two rode away together. They reached Scarborough before dark, and, having strolled about awhile, and visited a shop, they repaired to the club room, where they found quite a company already assembled. The gaming-hall was filled with people, and one long table was surrounded by players.

Walter Dean was a frequent visitor in company with others, and Walker was considerable. At length, however, they were left to play alone, and having ordered another bottle of wine, they threw aside the cards and called for the dice-box, making their money on the highest throw.

"This is the best game!" cried Dean, tossing off a glass of wine, and then giving the dice a shake. "It doesn't keep a man long in suspense. With your cards you must play a million games, and before it is ended your stakes get cold. Come, my lord—here's for the first throw!" and he threw the dice out upon the table.

He was the three, and also won the first stake. For an hour they played with varied success. At times one would win, and then the other. Dean drank deeply, while the earl was more careful, though he appeared to join his companion in every libation. Finally Dean threw down a hundred pounds, and asked Sir Thomas to cover it. He agreed, cast the dice, and had two five and a trey.

"There," he said, "if ye beat that, you'll take the biggest stake yet."

"But remember," said the earl, with a keen glance at his opponent, "this is only for amusement. We mean's silver enough not to be carried away."

"Ahhhmm! Don't preach, my lord. I abominate preaching. Come—before you throw wash that bit of morality from your lips. There."

Dean poured out a glass of wine for his companion, and then one for himself, and while he lipped his down his throat, the earl quietly spilled his upon the floor.

"Remember," resumed Walter, wiping his lips, "that I bid thirteen."

"Aye," returned Cleaveland, with a smile, "and here goes to beat you."

"No, no—by the Lord Harry, no!" cried Dean, as he cast his eyes upon the dice after the other had thrown them. "Six—four—seven! Ha, ha, ha! beat ye one point. Now for the two hundred, eh?"

"Just as you say," replied the young man, covering the stakes already down.

Then for the two hundred. It's your throw back."

Lord Thomas threw out the dice,—five—four—seven. With a laugh and a good-natured oath Dean gathered them into the ivory box, and shook them up.

"The four hundred are mine," he said, as he turned the dotted cubes upon the table. "Six—four—trey! What say you?" he added, all carelessly. "shall we call it eight hundred or nothing?"

"Just my dear sir——"

"Come now,—none o' that. By heavens, the thought was on your tongue, and you shall wash it in Hero's pool."

Again Walter Dean poured down a brimming bumper, and again the earl poured his upon the floor.

"Now will ye make it the eight?" cried the farmer. "It's my first throw."

"Just as you say," was the earl's reply, as he drew a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, and placed four hundred pounds upon the table.

Dean threw the dice,—six—five—trey. Cleaveland took the box, and threw two more,—six—and two five.

"Equal, I've lost," the farmer said. But his order was not in the least dampened. He was more eager than before, and at once threw out five hundred pounds.

And thus they played until near midnight, at which time Dean had lost two thousand pounds. He had drank deeply, and was beyond the control of reason, while his antagonist remained cool and collected, watching him with a careful, calculating gaze.

"There's a thousand pounds!" cried Dean, throwing the money upon the table.

Sir Thomas covered it, and was it.

"Let it lie. I'll put two thousand against it!" the loser said.

"Very well," returned the earl. "You must have your own way now."

Walter Dean did not see that his opponent had three dice in his own which he shook. Lord Thomas performed the trick very cleverly, changing the dice when he pleased, and thus throwing loaded cues when necessary. In a few moments the card had won the four thousand pounds, and Dean was now forced to resort to notes-of-hand. He called for writing materials, and made his companion fill out some blank forms which he had with him, and as he needed them he signed them.

So they played on into the small hours of the morning, and just as the clock struck two, Walter Dean placed a note upon the table for ten thousand pounds.

"It's too rash. You've lost enough," said the earl. "Let us stop now."

"No, no," cried the other. "By heavens, you shall throw against that. I must either win back my loss, or go into it all over."

"Very well," returned Sir Thomas. "Be it so. There are ten thousand pounds in that roll. It is your throw."

Dean gathered up the dice, and shook them long and scientifically, for the magnitude of the stake seemed to sober him somewhat. He threw them out, and had two five and a four. Sir Thomas Cleaveland then took the box, and quickly made his throw. He had three five's!

Walter Dean asked to play no more, for he knew that he had already lost more than he could honestly pay. Yet he was kept in good humor on the way home, for Lord Thomas laughed and joked the whole distance.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW WALTER DEAN WAS TO PAY HIS DEBT.

It was late in the day when Walter Dean awoke, and the servants had never seen him so sullen and morose before. He had more than an ordinary debauch to overcome that day. As soon as he had quieted his nerves in a measure by a few draughts of wine, he sat down and referred to his note-book. He knew that he had lost three thousand pounds in cash which he had carried with him, and he found by his minutes that he had given his notes for fifteen thousand more. This was startling to him, for it was more than he could honestly raise. He might possibly get it from his dead brother's estate—his conscience would not have troubled him much—but he feared detection. During the remainder of the day he roamed through the woods alone, and it was not until the day following that he could make up his mind to visit the earl.

When he went he found Sir Thomas alone, and he was met with a cordial greeting and a warm shake of the hand. Wine was ordered, and the two sat down at a table. For a while they conversed upon various topics, the earl seeking to draw as though there was no such thing as trouble. But Dean could not feel at ease. He tried very hard, but could not succeed. At length he resolved to broach the subject that lay so heavily upon his mind.

"Sir Thomas," he said, with an effort, "we played rather deeply the other night."

"Yes—rather," returned the earl, with a light shake of the head. "I would have won, you know; but my luck was against me. So——"

"Remember, I have not yet paid you."

"Ah—true! I had forgotten that. But I am not in the least anxious for it. Whenever it is convenient to you——"

"But I am anxious," Walter interrupted. "I am not the man to put off a debt of honor. I'll pay you to-morrow."

"Then I'll not receive it," said the earl, with a smile. "I'll wait your convenience."

"But I insist upon it," Dean urged. "I am not a beggar, and I will not be treated as one. I'll pay you to-morrow, or I'll not touch a card or a dice-box again."

"Then you shall pay me to-morrow," said the earl, with a smile. "I'll not touch a card or a dice-box again."

"Very well," returned Walter, with a sigh of relief. "I'll pay you to-morrow."

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"Very well," returned Walter, with a sigh of relief. "I'll pay you to-morrow."

"Perhaps it would trouble you to raise the screen?" pursued the owl, with the meekest look coming to his eye.

"I'll scald, Sir Thomas."

"Well— Here—let me fit your glass. So. Here's to a better acquaintance!"

They drank the wine, and the owl then continued—

"Perhaps we might fix it in some other way. You might possibly resolve me some assistance that could be of more value to me than money."

Walter Beauclaugh at the hope thus thrown out in a moment. He would do anything, he thought, to be freed from this debt.

"Just say what I can do for you," he said.

"Well," returned Sir Thomas, leaning forward, and gazing into his companion's face, as though he would watch the effect of his words, "before your brother died I had some conversation with him on teaching my marriage with the Lady Emma. He seemed much pleased with the idea, and was ready for the match. In fact, he was anxious for it. He said he had often thought that our houses should be thus united."

"By my soul!" cried Walter, "a capital idea. A most proper one, sir."

"I think it would be one of the most advantageous arrangements that could be made," added Sir Thomas.

"And where can the lady find a better match?" responded Dean.

"Surely. Where can she? I should give her one of the best titles in the kingdom."

"That's my idea," said Walter. "It is just the thing. And what says my niece to it?"

"Ah—there's the rub, Walter. She is, I think, inclined to refuse me."

Before you?" echoed Dean, with indignant surprise. "You must be jesting, Sir Thomas."

"No, I am in earnest. She refuses me—or, I assumed exactly my duty. But I hope she would refuse me if I were to ask her."

"Before you—refuse a coronet! Bless me, I never heard of such a thing! Why—what can the girl be thinking of?"

"It's only a notion," said Cleaveland. "She has fancied that she should's love me, perhaps; or, what is more likely still, she supposes that such a plan has been entertained by our parents, and she don't like to give up to the wishes of those who are planning."

"She is a queer one," returned Dean, pouring out a glass of wine, and tossing it off. "But I think she can be cured of all such notions."

"Do you think you could help me in this?" the owl asked, with another sunlight look.

"Be sure I could."

"Would you be willing to try it?"

"Why—I think that should be made."

"And I think you could bring it about if you would."

"I'm sure I could," declared Walter, with an emphatic slap of his hand upon the table.

"If you could," pursued Sir Thomas, leaning further forward as he spoke, and twirling his thumbs, "I might make it an object. That is—if you would help me, I would help you."

"I am open," said Walter, anxiously.

"I'd freely give you back your notes," replied the owl.

Dean didn't answer at once; and after a moments pause Cleaveland added—

"And I'll make up to you all that you have lost to me."

"I think I can do it," said Dean, thoughtfully.

Sir Thomas stirred the fire, and then resumed his seat. For a while, then, both waited very quiet, as thinking, and he was not to interfere upon the nature of his authority over Emma. He had come to the conclusion that he had all the power of a parent, and was upon the point of answering, when Cleaveland exclaimed—

"By the mass, Walter—if you will do it I will give to you, on the day of your marriage, seven thousand pounds besides. What say you to that?"

Walter Dean reached over the table, and caught the owl by the hand.

"Sir Thomas," he said, "*she shall be your wife!*"

"Do you mean it?" cried the owl, starting up his feet.

"Aye—I do mean it. And those who know me know that I do not give my word in vain."

"But if she should refuse me—"

"Then she must be made to do it. I think I have authority enough."

"You have, if you will exercise it."

"You may be assured I shall do that, sir."

Then he may consider that the matter is settled Cleaveland, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book. "There—those are your notes, which you can use up as soon as you please. And here are three thousand pounds, which you can put into your pocket. And, remember, you are to receive twenty thousand pounds on the day I am married to your niece."

"And if you are not married to her it shall be your own fault," said Dean, as he put the three thousand pounds into his pocket-book, and then tore his notes from the notes. "And," he added, after a short pause, "hadn't you better see her first? Who knows, now that she is left an orphan, but that she would give her consent to your proposal. Eged, I think you had better go to-night."

The owl pondered upon the subject a while, and finally after some arguments, he resolved to speak with Emma first.

"Why not ride over now, with me?" said Dean.

"I will. The sooner we know her mind the better. One more glass, and we'll be off."

They filled their glasses again, and having emptied them they ordered their horses.

Emma Dean was in the garden, engaged in gathering a few flowers to put in one of her vases. She was not so pale as she had been, for at the manner were away she became more reconciled to the calamity which had fallen upon her, and though she had no great earthly hopes remaining to cheer her, yet she had an unbroken her trust that her thoughts were turned toward Heaven with a soothing power. She had just finished her bouquet, when one of the servants came and informed her that her uncle wished to see her at the lower drawing-room. She obeyed the summons, and when she entered her uncle's presence she found Sir Thomas Cleaveland with him. For a moment she hesitated; and her first impulse was to retire, and send word to Walter that she could see him alone; but upon second thoughts she concluded to remain, and hear the interview as best she could.

"Ah, my dear child," said her uncle, advancing and extending his hand, "I am happy to see you looking so well. This is our mutual friend. You know him?"

"The Lady Emma has not forgotten me, I think," remarked the owl, as he extended his hand.

It chilled her to the soul to touch that hand, but she would not refuse now.

"Ah—shocking flowers, Sir Thomas added, as he smelled the bouquet in her other hand.

"Yes, sir," she replied, moving back a pace.

"They are beautiful ones, I declare. I pray you, let me look at them."

Emma handed them to him, and let took them with one of his most winning smiles and bows.

"Upon my soul, they are delightful," he cried, as he held them up and inhaled their fragrance. "I have flowers *myself*, lady. Wolsthill would be a very desirable residence with their many gardens. They minister to some of the finest wants of our natures. I have often thought how dull and dreary must be the life of that man who has no love and appreciation of the beautiful in his soul."

He handed back the flowers as he spoke, and with them a look which caused the maiden to shrink. It was only an admiring look, but then she found such a look from him. He had seemed to speak of her instead of the flowers, using the latter only as a mask for his real meaning.

"Emma, my dear," said Walter, taking a step towards the door, "and you, my lord, excuse me a few moments." He went out as he spoke, and Emma was left alone with the man whom, of all others, she most loathed and feared. She was tempted to leave him without so much as making an excuse, but she would not do that. She felt too that he would not offer her harm, and she was in rather his presence while she stood.

Emma," spoke the owl, with as soft and pleasing a look as he could assume, "suffer me to call you by that name. I have had conversation of yours seems to have given me that privilege, you know. But not that I have scrupled for you are behind you have been called upon to endure. You must have been very lonesome and unhappy."

"I have been unhappy, sir," she replied.

"And have you not been lonesome, too?"

"My thoughts are my own to be kept or spoiled, sir."

"But you are growing more reconciled now, my dear lady."

"I am reconciled to that which I cannot avoid."

"Aye—such should be our aim," rejoined Cleaveland, complacently. "Many, many bitter trials and sorrows fall upon us here, we should try to be resigned. It is only through a firm trust in God that we pour morals on the storms of human things."

"Yes—I speak truly, sir," the maiden said, with a spice of bitterness in her tone. "Could I not trust in God, I should be without a true comfort."

"Not quite, Emma. You have friends in whom you may trust, and I am one of those."

"I will not say that I am without such friends, sir."

"I thought you would not," returned the owl, quite willing to let the matter pass for the present. "I have several times, and then added—"I have long been anxious to convince you that in me you potent a friend when you may be in need. I have watched his unerring compass. Some time before that noble-hearted parent which maiden died I was with him, and which deprived me of one of my best and most valued friends, I had a long conversation with Sir Roland upon this very subject, although not in plain terms. He knew, as well as I, the ties upon the subject before, but never so understandingly as at that time. We spoke of your future, and the topic of our conference was. Perhaps you know. Perhaps your father told you."

"He told me nothing, sir," replied Emma, with a calmness that surprised even herself. She had wondered when the owl began to speak, but when she knew his aim, and realized how false he was, she thought him, and it the feeling grew more and more.

"Ah—I had hoped that he might have opened to you the plans which we then held. But perhaps his sudden illness prevented. Perhaps he would have done it before, but for that sad event to which I have referred. Well, my child, you will be glad to hear that I have come to make you a friendly visit. I have come to make you a friendly visit. I have come to make you a friendly visit.

MARGARET TO ALLAN.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

When the again-blooms are blowing
Down the gusty hills of May—
Or in June the field-pinks glimmer
Redly in the summer hay—
Mowing in the pleasant meadows,
Or in harvest, when the sheaves
Or across the hedge of mistress
Look toward my homeme too?

I'm not far to look, sir, Allan!
Only in the pleasant land,
Where all are so white hearted
That and spurned from the ghosts—
Only in the silver bowlder
Planted at my head and feet,
You will hear the birds a-singing,
All the summers long and sweet.

And my heart will rest, sir, Allan!
Much in darkness autumn rest,
And a buttered grass shall find it
That will keep the world aloof,
And the sweet-breathed flowers shall
And the stories of yellow spots
Hand along the misty uplands,
And in white stars will bloom.

All night now the bashing angels
Rustle on my mother sleep—
And I hear, beyond the footsteps
Of the wandering Lord's rain,
A soft strain, that, inside me, Allan,
Of the four Gentler night,
When the solemn's mournful minstrels
Sang about the sisters bright.

When you with soft praise acknowing
Plucked my life up by the root,
And in such a fierce blossom
Your my will love could not!
When you told me—with your strong hand
Tolled my with my soft—
That you loved sweet Nelia Carey,
Because of our village girls!

I forgive you, sir, my cousin!
I forgive you, being dead,
That you wed young Nelia Carey,
Who was fair, and I was red.
When the bride's wedding came on
On her shining hair you set,
And the bells are softly ringing,
Give an vain regrets to me.

MIRIAM EGERTON,

OR FEMININ GRAHAME.

CHAPTER I.

"Do you love him, Miriam?"

For a moment Miriam Egerton's lip quivered, and her cheek paled; but, quickly suppressing these signs of emotion, she haughtily replied—

"You have no right to question me so, Malcolm Stewart, and I decline answering."

"Be it so. Then I have now no right," returned the young man, bitterly; then, suddenly changing his tone to one of reproachful sadness, he said:

"Miriam, hear me! I have loved you as you can never be loved by another—passionately, wildly, idolatrously; with all the strength and fervor of my being; and that you should be wedded to me my life-study would have been to have made you happy. I love you now—madly, wildly love you, and if ever in this changing world you should need a friend, call upon me, and, if unsure, I will lay down my life for you. And now, Miriam, a long, a last farewell!"

One moment he held her in his passionate embrace—pressed one kiss upon her brow, then released her, hurriedly left the room, and in a few minutes was alone. With a smile of mingled self-scorn and despair she seated herself at her escritoire and penned a note to one she loathed, consenting to become his bride. Calmly she signed and sealed the death-warrant of her happiness, and summoning a servant bade him to take it to Mr. Cameron and await a reply. Ere the door closed upon him, Miriam had fainted. Her fervid calmness and unnatural strength had at last given way, and she found a temporary relief from her sufferings in insensibility.

Miriam Egerton was the alone and reputed heiress of her bachelor uncle, Howard Egerton, with whom she had lived from her tenth year, having at that time lost her father, her mother only surviving parent, her mother having died when Miriam was an infant. Her father had been considered a rich man, but when his debts were paid they consumed his entire fortune, and the orphan was left penniless; but to her rich uncle was of little consequence, for he possessed great wealth, and intended that she should be his heiress. He acquired no expense, and left nothing undone, in order to fit Miriam for the position she was to occupy in society, as his niece. His love for her was unbounded; she was all in all to him, and his greatest aim was to render her happy. He indulged her in every whim, lavished her in no caprice, and she grew up so proud, imperious, and exacting in her ways. At seventeen he sent her to a fashionable boarding-school "to finish," from which she returned four months prior to the opening of our story, and was installed mistress of her uncle's splendid mansion, and made her first appearance on the horizon of fashionable life, of which she soon became "the bright, particular star."

Superbly beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy—courted, admired, and flattered—Miriam Egerton's "first season" was a series of brilliant triumphs, and a source of pride and self-gratulation to the haughty beauty.

Among her numerous admirers was Malcolm Stewart, a young man of good family, of superior talents and education, and exquisitely handsome, but in reduced circumstances. He was a special favorite of her uncle Howard, for his father had been Mr. Egerton's friend from early boyhood, and at his death Mr. Egerton had transferred his friendship and affection from the father to the son, and Malcolm, since the age of eighteen, had had free ingress to Mr. Egerton's house, and was treated by him and Miriam as a son and brother. The year that Miriam spent at boarding-school she had written regularly to Malcolm, and her letters were always so full of expressions of the warmest affection for him, that his heart throbbed with rapidest pleasure to feel himself so beloved, and he looked forward anticipatively to that "charmed hour of hours" when they should meet, and he would tell her that she was dearer far than a sister to him, and with her his deep, adoring love, and bear the sweet assurance from her lips that he was loved in return.

Miriam came home, and for months Mr. Malcolm was to cordial and affectionate that his highest expectations were realized, and he was happy. He was her constant companion to the opera and all places of amusement. He was unrivalled in his devotion; yet neither by word nor look did he tell his love, till alarmed by the universal homage she received, and fearing that his prize, so eagerly sought after, might be snatched from him, he one night, three weeks after her return, whispered to Miriam the "over true tale," and with rapture heard her exclaim—

"I have loved you long and truly!"

Mr. Egerton had seen the state of affairs, and was inwardly rejoiced, though outwardly he was seemingly unconscious that any feeling more than of friendship existed between Miriam and Malcolm.

Two matters stood, when Duncan Cameron—a gay, dissipated young man, of large fortune—returned from a protracted tour in Europe—he visited Europe and the East.

Match-making mammas and scheming young ladies joyfully hailed him as a most valuable addition to society, and ere long the rich, delegated Cameron became "the lion."

The Academy of Music is crowded to overflowing. A group of young men are lounging in the lobbies, surveying and criticising the brilliantly dressed women in the tiers and boxes.

"By the cestus of Venus, there's a superb creature! Who is she, Liston?" demanded Duncan Cameron of one of the young men, intently surveying Miriam Egerton through his lorgnette.

"That is the beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy Miss Egerton, as the newspaper reporters say—the belle of the season par excellence, where not to know is to be ignorant indeed," laughingly replied the young man.

"Come, Liston, I must have an introduction," emphatically said young Cameron; and locking his arm within that of his companion, they together entered Mr. Egerton's box, where Miriam stood holding a fan, surrounded by a select coterie of devoted admirers.

Liston, begging her pardon, introduced—

"Mr. Cameron."

With a grace that a duchess might have envied, Miriam acknowledged Cameron's re-engrossed bow, and her face flushed with pride and pleasure as she caught his glance of unmistakable admiration.

They entered into an animated conversation, and Miriam's scintillating wit and brilliant conversational powers, added to her wondrous beauty, completely charmed and fascinated the heart and imagination of Cameron. He who had seen and flirted with the most beautiful women in Europe, and had passed unscathed through the ordeal, and boasted of his impenetrability to female arts and charms, declaring that no woman should ever betoken his heart, now voluntarily surrendered himself a willing captive to Miriam Egerton; and as Liston *is*, for to woman quickly comes such knowledge.

"Miss Egerton," asked Cameron earnestly, "do you believe in 'love at first sight'?"

With a scarcely perceptible smile Miriam answered,

"I do most assuredly. I maintain with Love de Vega, that

'love to be completely true,
It needs at sight should rise.'"

"Allow me to finish the quotation," he said quickly.

"Should be the first one ever knew,
In short, be that I first."

There was a pause, during which the tone in which this was said, and in the look which accompanied it, that Malcolm Stewart, who was near enough to overhear the words, both felt Cameron, still a dark page of dawning jealousy.

The curtain rose now, and the attention of all was directed to the stage.

From this night Duncan Cameron became Miriam Egerton's most devoted and earnest suitor, and pleased and flattered by his attentions, as no one so distinguished and lionized as Cameron, she rather encouraged his addresses, and allowed him to think that he was not indifferent to her, though in her heart she was true to Malcolm, who, confiding, trusted with Cameron, and refused gold to base copper.

CHAPTER II.

"Miriam?"

There was so much sadness in the tone in which her name was uttered, that Miriam, surprised, gazed inquiringly at her uncle, who had, as she supposed, come into her boudoir to give her his customary morning kiss before going to his office.

His sad, grave eyes rested upon his fair niece, and a shade clouded her brow, and she exclaimed anxiously—

"*Dear uncle*—what is it?"

A convulsive sob was his only answer, and covering his face with his hands, he threw himself into a chair.

Now, thoroughly alarmed, Miriam sprang towards him, and affectionately smoothing the hair from his forehead and kissing him, she entreated that he would tell her what was the matter.

"My poor, poor child! What will you do?" he groaned.

"When—how—uncle! I entreat you to explain this to me!"

Sadly he gazed upon her, and again his frame shook with emotion, as he bitterly exclaimed—

"Miriam—I am a ruined man!"

Wildly she looked at him, not comprehending his meaning.

"I'm ruined, penniless!" he added, in answer to her unspoken, but plainly-seen look.

Breathing a sigh of evident relief, Miriam calmly asked—

"How ruined, uncle? Why penniless?"

Surprised at her calmness, and at her misapprehension of the serious consequences of his sad misfortune, Mr. Egerton looked at her anxiously a few moments, and then said sadly—

"Poor child, you do not, cannot realize it!"

Not heeding the remark, she hastily exclaimed—

"Tell me, uncle, how and why you are ruined?"

"Yes, you'll soon know it all, for the world will soon know it all!" and leaving him to tell his story to his niece—how that the world would soon know—a retrospective view of the past, and go back to the beginning of my narrative.

The door opened, and a fashionably dressed young man entered the room.

Mr. Egerton? he asked, approaching the lawyer.

"Mr. Egerton, at your service, sir," was the reply. Taking a seat, and assuming a mysterious tone, the young man said—

"My business, sir, is of the most vital importance, requiring the utmost secrecy; and I wish to know in the first place if I can trust you?"

My professional education and experience have been such, as to fully justify me in asserting that you can, without fear, place implicit confidence in me."

"Are you a strictly honorable man, and one who would scorn to commit a wrong act?" he demanded abruptly.

"I hope so, sir. I try to be," replied Mr. Egerton.

"Then," said his visitor with an oath, "I can have nothing further to do with you," and was leaving the office, when Mr. Egerton, surprised at his inexplicable words and strange conduct, and anxious to know more of him and discover his motive in calling on him, exclaimed—

"Stay, sir!"

The young man arrested his steps and waited for the lawyer to speak, who continued—

"I have questions to ask you, my surprise, till down a moment and see me, and perhaps we may be able to come to an understanding. I have as many characters as cards—that is—what I have a client, I assure for the time being, a client who is of middle age, and who is honorable. I am honorable; if he be dishonorable, so am I. Now, sir, you can see that there's a mystery—naturally, that you were of the former class, and Cameron of one of the young men, intently surveying Miriam Egerton through his lorgnette.

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Howard Egerton sat in his office, with an unopened letter in his hand, apparently lost in deep thought, when Mr. Egerton was a young and struggling lawyer

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856.

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THE DEAD.

"Speak not ill of the dead!" we say, or say as we think we might be written a sermon, but we will content ourselves with a paragraph. It is a common remark only that we must not utter malevolent expressions over the dwellers in the tomb—but on sight, death of ill-will should be extended to all the frailties of the grave, we agree with the benevolent and that first uttered the human sentiment—and it is meant that while canvassing the conversation, deportment and acts of the departed, we are not never to censure, no matter how foul his speech, how scandalous his manners, or what the nature of his deeds, we must protest, and that loudly, too, condemn. Why, the very office of History is to tell the truth about the actors who have lived on the stage. Flat, tame and unprofitable would sprawl her tablets if they were studiously treated with a stylus of gold—and the iron graver has also its work to perform. Without it, where would be the wearing lessons built up near the shoals and quicksands of the Past from the wrecks of the wild wildish and criminal navigators of the Ocean of Time, who once spread their thousand sails on the breezy, and deceiving, and deceitful waters bounded over the billows? We find in Nature the decree as well as the angel; the sentence of the one is the dove; the boban span as well as the tree of Paradise. And in private life, how is it possible for us to tell the truth, when the lives of departed citizens are themes of conversation, if that is not also mentioned with the good which they did? It is idle to say, we need not talk about them at all; for, more or less, the very economy of life compels us to refer to them. The Dead are at such a part of the world as the Living; they are in the streets as Cæsar, Nero, Luther, Leo X. Napoleon and Washington, Arnold and Kosciusko are. In fact, not dead, but are living in our habits, in our laws, in our social and in our moral conditions. To ignore them would be as ridiculous and impotent as it would be for the geologist to ignore the primary rocks in his contempt of the world.

Then, how idle is it for any one, be he either a private or public man, to regard the *last* utterances of contempt to "speak no ill of him"—in the sense which we give the dictum? It is execrable: it is at least, a confession of a career that admits of more than one construction. It is encouraging any man of such a request would be the parent of innumerable immortalities, and, with many, as scandalous recklessness of private and public opinion, which could only end in vice, crime, and general, moral, and political ruin—for it is a theme which might have, or else will the world say about me, when looking at my grave? It is a question I put every minute to themselves by millions of men and women. If we must so live as to be afraid or ashamed of the Future being a caucus on which stern, though unenlightened Truth, should, and will, point out our lives. She is the Judge of the Last Assizes, who cannot lose fifty over her palict; who cannot confine herself to the most rational of rules, but must run through the whole gamut of colors.

Then, let even the dying record of him whom coward and world shall sway unjudged in the dreadful silence of his lofty and unapproachable epoch, be treated with contempt. If we plant flowers seeds, they will bear fragrant wreaths for our contemplation; if we sow hemlock, we shall deadly must be the leaves that overshadow the descendants. There is no help for it.

LIFE IN POLICE COURTS.

Life in police courts is a strange mixture of human character. Within its circuit all the virtues and all the vices may be found. Here may be the widest extremes of good and evil, wealth and poverty, frugality and thoughtless prodigality, in the same block of habitations. Much of this vast variety of condition and character may be seen in the course of the most casual looker-on—much more is visible to the investigator. There are particular localities—one of our police courts is the general resort of almost every social and moral phase. But of all places for the inquisitive observer of human nature—solitary—if somewhat of every sort of life and character—one of our police courts is the paramount. Mainly a sad picture, striped all over with evil doing and crime. It is nevertheless not the white of the philosopher's eye upon human life in cities to look to upon the congregations of those places, where the necessarily prompt and hasty judge is the presider, his text-books being inexorable ordinances and statutes.

We have looked in on these congregations often to contemplate—naturally enough to enjoy one's kin nor for and reflection—the variety of wickedness and wretchedness there assembled. Men, women, and children, arraigned for every species of crime; murder, robbery, forgery, theft, vagrancy, drunkenness, and family feud, jostling one against the other; velvets and silks glistening and rustling against rags; feathers and bonnet flashing amongst tights and shadows upon the bare, cold-polished floor and faces of destitution; mothers, wives, sisters and daughters beseeching Justice for leniency toward some dear, erring one, or timidly and tearfully proferring some complaint, forced at last by intolerable suffering and wrong.

The judge may have a heart softer than the ermine on his shoulders; a sympathy warm with every sobbi and generous feeling; a disposition, *as a man*, to pardon all; yet duty, stern duty to ward society, compels him to seal up the gentle fountains of nature; to shut out the sun, the balm, the brother-man, and answer with all the penalties and terrors of the law, whose baleful administrator he is bound to be, brief, judge all, and do justice to all, without fear or favor, whatever the position, class and character of the offender who is the chalenge at his bar. And this he must do with a velocity that may at times seem unkind, but which is compelled by the pressure on his tribunal.

We may not the judge sitting on such a bench, his ethic or his bosom. The first can scarcely put him for the evil and wretchedness he must look upon, and the other he must adjudge daily: and the latter, however well won and worn, cost, in pain to the sensitive heart and memory, all they are worth. The more upright the judge, the more severe seems the ordeal to those who pass before him, and faithfully doing his duty and thus finding the approval of his conscience—is so far as he is answerable to his fellow-men, I say, for every man or woman with a smiling face and diary voice; and those little feelings when such hits the decree, as well as the grave, to answer the tumult of sympathies which the eye and ear deliver brain. For these and other reasons, Dr. Bunsby has the opportunity of his position, and is fill the responsible office of physician to the lunatic department of the Bellevue Hospital, and I met in the gaslonic walking up and down the long halls, out of which their lonely appointed rooms opened, the window of each commanding a view of the bay and woodland, as diverse as beautiful, I could not but think through eleemosynary Lord in prudent charity which placed such unfortunate sufferers in the midst of such beauty and grandeur, their mercifully intellects far beyond the faintest hope of cure.

It is curious how such insanity lurks in every bosom, and how little it takes to find it. Not half of the only sane person is the sanest. (I have known many people out of a lunatic asylum give me some considerable doubt as to their sanity, and I am one.) One gentleman, whom appearance interested me, I found him walking up and down the room, up and down the lawn, thought the behind a fine place for study and, as I was told, he was a writer of books of fellow sufferers. Doctor Bunsby, finding his patient somewhat communicative, took me into the large house specimen of organizing a military company, who, with caps and drum, were parading under the windows of the Delaware Hotel. The gentleman by solemn earnestness that would have quite deceived the most practiced politician, that he was one of your friends, to come from the city to see you?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I am now waiting up and down the hall. "When you don't stay too long, and don't tell me a lie about it, I answered myself imagining the diplomatic world we had left, "speaking out in meeting," after this fashion. "Sir, I am sorry to say that the whole of society need be greased with so much fibbing and flattering as it does, to keep it sweet. Every one home should be his castle," held as true of the lunatic as of any lodger. The more violent of Dr. Bucsay's patients are in a secure building by themselves, and wander a whilst in one there, I believe, of the most violent of the whole. I went to their injury; but to my dismay that the former even in the most serious concerned for that which should be done now, and which being neglected now will be the cause of much after-suffering. Thus do we fly the maudlins and pursue the shade. Let us not be such mad fools forever.

"Live and act as if nothing were another eve,
Live and act as if nothing were another morn."

Let no golden moment fly. If the to-days are all well spent and enjoyed, then will the to-morrow's be. To defer whatever is rational is profligacy. He who can tell—of life or of death—what a day or an hour may bring forth?

ZOLEMEN.

"Idleness will destroy in rags," is a proverb as "old as the hills." But this, however shameful as a legacy of antediluvian, is not the worst nor its lowest fruit. Idleness is one of the most prolific sources of evil. It is said, and every observer can confirm the truth of the saying, that

"Satan still seems tempted finds
For idle hands to do."

Yes, unbelief, smaller or greater, degrading and depraving to the mind, corrupting to the heart, and by example. Idlers are the seedlings of blackguardism, drunkenness, dissoluteness, gambling, cheaters, and finally, criminals of every kind. In cities they swarm like flies, and are to be found in the sparsest communities. Their whole livelihood is a round of viciousness and dishonesty—of reprobate to-day, and reprobate to-morrow, in society. As children, they are haters of the school, and dirty, ragged, and ignorant. As men, they are ready for any mischief that may offer. To cast a vote at a passer-by, stir up a dog-fight, create a filthy signt, or scrawl and smear like grown-up children, is their delight. If we have boys, young and older, the theater, the gaming-place, or whatever haunt of dissipation offers, is their circuit and goal. There they swarm and there they grow—and their abundant history is written on every pauper and every criminal record.

THE NEW GOLD DISCOVERY.

All the early discoveries of gold, in Europe, Mexico, Peru, Brazil, Australia, California, Oregon, and Fraser River, have been in the form of dust, or the washed accumulations of ages, and, with the exception of Australia, have been found in the sparsest communities. Their wholly unskilled to a round of viciousness and dishonesty—of reprobate to-day, and reprobate to-morrow, in society. As children, they are haters of the school, and dirty, ragged, and ignorant. As men, they are ready for any mischief that may offer. To cast a vote at a passer-by, stir up a dog-fight, create a filthy sight, or scrawl and smear like grown-up children, is their delight. If we have boys, young and older, the theater, the gaming-place, or whatever haunt of dissipation offers, is their circuit and goal. There they swarm and there they grow—and their abundant history is written on every pauper and every criminal record.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

NUMBER II.

It is a great blessing when they who are about the sick in any department are themselves of a buoyant, cheerful disposition, and winning manner. Such a benefit I beautifully exemplified in such a healthful atmosphere, catching the inspiration, chat and character of the philosophic physician at his bar. And this he must do with a velocity that may at times seem unkind, but which is compelled by the pressure on his tribunal.

We may not the judge sitting on such a bench, his ethic or his bosom. The first can scarcely put him for the evil and wretchedness he must look upon, and the other he must adjudge daily: and the latter, however well won and worn, cost, in pain to the sensitive heart and memory, all they are worth. The more upright the judge, the more severe seems the ordeal to those who pass before him, and faithfully doing his duty and thus finding the approval of his conscience—is so far as he is answerable to his fellow-men, I say, for every man or woman with a smiling face and diary voice; and those little feelings when such hits the decree, as well as the grave, to answer the tumult of sympathies which the eye and ear deliver brain. For these and other reasons, Dr. Bunsby has the opportunity of his position, and is fill the responsible office of physician to the lunatic department of the Bellevue Hospital, and I met in the gaslonic walking up and down the long halls, out of which their lonely appointed rooms opened, the window of each commanding a view of the bay and woodland, as diverse as beautiful, I could not but think through eleemosynary Lord in prudent charity which placed such unfortunate sufferers in the midst of such beauty and grandeur, their mercifully intellects far beyond the faintest hope of cure.

It is curious how such insanity lurks in every bosom, and how little it takes to find it. Not half of the only sane person is the sanest. (I have known many people out of a lunatic asylum give me some considerable doubt as to their sanity, and I am one.) One gentleman, whom appearance interested me, I found him walking up and down the room, up and down the lawn, thought the behind a fine place for study and, as I was told, he was a writer of books of fellow sufferers. Doctor Bunsby, finding his patient somewhat communicative, took me into the large house specimen of organizing a military company, who, with caps and drum, were parading under the windows of the Delaware Hotel. The gentleman by solemn earnestness that would have quite deceived the most practiced politician, that he was one of your friends, to come from the city to see you?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I am now waiting up and down the hall. "When you don't stay too long, and don't tell me a lie about it, I answered myself imagining the diplomatic world we had left, "speaking out in meeting," after this fashion. "Sir, I am sorry to say that the whole of society need be greased with so much fibbing and flattering as it does, to keep it sweet. Every one home should be his castle," held as true of the lunatic as of any lodger. The more violent of Dr. Bucsay's patients are in a secure building by themselves, and wander a whilst in one there, I believe, of the most violent of the whole. I went to their injury; but to my dismay that the former even in the most serious concerned for that which should be done now, and which being neglected now will be the cause of much after-suffering. Thus do we fly the maudlins and pursue the shade. Let us not be such mad fools forever.

"Live and act as if nothing were another eve,
Live and act as if nothing were another morn."

Let no golden moment fly. If the to-days are all well spent and enjoyed, then will the to-morrow's be. To defer whatever is rational is profligacy. He who can tell—of life or of death—what a day or an hour may bring forth?

ZOLEMEN.

"Idleness will destroy in rags," is a proverb as "old as the hills." But this, however shameful as a legacy of antediluvian, is not the worst nor its lowest fruit. Idleness is one of the most prolific sources of evil. It is said, and every observer can confirm the truth of the saying, that

"Satan still seems tempted finds
For idle hands to do."

Yes, unbelief, smaller or greater, degrading and depraving to the mind, corrupting to the heart, and by example. Idlers are the seedlings of blackguardism, drunkenness, dissoluteness, gambling, cheaters, and finally, criminals of every kind. In cities they swarm like flies, and are to be found in the sparsest communities. Their wholly livelihood is a round of viciousness and dishonesty—of reprobate to-day, and reprobate to-morrow, in society. As children, they are haters of the school, and dirty, ragged, and ignorant. As men, they are ready for any mischief that may offer. To cast a vote at a passer-by, stir up a dog-fight, create a filthy sight, or scrawl and smear like grown-up children, is their delight. If we have boys, young and older, the theater, the gaming-place, or whatever haunt of dissipation offers, is their circuit and goal. There they swarm and there they grow—and their abundant history is written on every pauper and every criminal record.

ROSES AND THORNS.

Inasmuch as we cannot always secure the former, but in fact must encounter in this life many tons of the latter, let us, like wise and genial philosophers, make as few very faces as possible, and see if we cannot extract some good even from the sharp point where spoil is the fleeting blood.

Fair!—is it all evil? Has it never been the mother of the Beautiful, the Noble, the Beneficent? Who are the men by our side most distinguished for greatest excellence, wear the most opulent laurels, and who amid the horrid El Dorados of physical wealth? The ones who were born with golden spoons in their fair mouths—the ones who in no ways had relatives to lean upon?—the ones who in the world but had to struggle? Suckled by ever the stage to Fame? No! No! Aster landed on our shores with but a single dollar in his pocket; Fenwood Fair was a lucky-stuff on our sea-beach, washed ashore by the waves from a wrecked vessel; the author of Money IV. was surrounded through his whole life by an army of the most malignant difficulties; but he stepped, at last, from the stage of life, with his forehead blazing with crowns of immortality, and his name should be sealed the tomb, about to receive him, covered with a kingdom's sweetmeats. Struggle, if it must be as-sailed, and with more than storm, pain, privation, and hostile spears, brought to bow before the benignant sway of that spirit the rulin of impotent and misshaped temples to send up their ecstatic gratulations to the Holy of Holies and Lord who stirs on the cirdle of the Heavens, and who is Eternity. Not to undervalue the happiness and beauty of those who, born to the fair inheritance of silver, which he found already planted in person, and who, in the midst of their possessions, are not the roses of the exiled Apostle softer and sweeter, and much fragrant for all the labors they attended their nurture and harvesting!

But part of the Epic, nobly does thou hold those immortal flowers in the hand once pierced and bleeding! Father of thy Country! the stormy pen of the Bard of the Delaware but added to thy glory.

Assuming that without a Fall of Man no thorns had been planted, what a noble subject we have here to contemplate how a beneficent Providence has made even to his creatures even out of their very calamity

Then, young man, just entering on the great battle of life! Do not make too many wry faces at the thorns which you must inevitably encounter, without a hope to smother or smile away. Be not fruitful mediocrity. If your eye is fixed on a lofty object, forget for a while the pure, and take advantage of our experience. Do you think that without struggle and scarring the exertion of body and the tension of mind, the Lancan has obtained a position of power over three hundred thousand rapiers? is read by two millions of free men and women? is shedding intellectual and moral strength and guidance over a whole continent? is the very head of family and literary papers over the whole world? Hardly, indeed, sailor, with what pain?" is the motto. Wallace will singe—

Bought a life, sought a sovereign,
In the brightest, darkest seen,
From the very of Scotland sweeping
To the shores on his throne!
Let the Lion-heart remember
Something vowed, something done,
Then shall bring me wallace with;
Something vowed, something done,
In the City by the line,
Then a silver shrinking lonely!

THE FREE ACADEMY.

At the last Commencement of this Institution, we noticed on the list of graduates the names of the sons of some of our most wealthy and eminent citizens, as well as those of the sons of poor and obscure parents. This is a most gratifying fact, and we should not wonder at the effect on the public. It shows that the Free Academy is patronized by the poorer class, that its benefits are confined to no section of the population, but that its advantages are open to all who desire to avail themselves of them.

For instance, a boy, sent to the public school, is the brightest, fastest scholar in his class. From the very first day of his entrance among the others he is the clever one. His lessons are always well learned, and he is the first to be called up to recite. He is the boy to whom the teacher looks with pride, and whom he holds up as an example to the rest of the class. He is the boy who will be the first to graduate from the grammar school, and who will be the first to enter the Free Academy. He is the boy who will come up the town, and who will be the first to enter the Free Academy. He is the boy who will come up the town, and who will be the first to enter the Free Academy.

THE ELECTRIC CABLE

"Three times and out," remarks the proverb, but human ingenuity in ordinary cases, we trust it will prove far from true of the Electric Ocean Cable, which has already failed twice, and may yet again fail. Of all brave and promising human enterprises, since the world began, this is one of the most magnificent and daring that has ever been dared by man. Its success would be a glorious thing for the whole human race, and its failure would be a misfortune of no small magnitude. Therefore we are not the ones of the exiled Apostle softer and sweeter and much fragrant for all the labors they attended their nurture and harvesting!

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WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY ARTEMUS WARD.

There live within the holy of holies in the temple of knowledge, but doubt is the vestibule that leads to it. Universal doubt is the first step to the spiritual entrance. It must be established a fact out of which Universal Affirmation will arise. Universal Affirmation is the end of all the world before Universal Doubt. Descartes was a great man, but he was wrong when he made a discipline for his having asserted the notion of those Doubt first.

A LAW too severe in its provisions may be compared to a vessel that is so heavy that it is never ordered to be let loose, and so are severe in its provisions; because a law is so severe that he is compelled to execute. Such a law is a temptation to pioneer on the part of the criminal, and to perjury on the part of the jury and prosecutor.

RELIGION has treated knowledge somewhere in the same way as slavery in our country, sometimes as a brother, and as a captive, and otherwise as a child; but knowledge has become of age, and religion must either reconcile her acquaintance, or abandon her as a companion and respect her as a foe.

A MAN should not go in his subterraneous prison, and cut off the communication of his house with the outer air, and a Newton or a Shakspeare, deprived of the proper means of nourishment and bore among mankind, and starved out.

NOTHING more completely baffles one who is full of trust and sympathy and confidence than the world's sagacity as sensitive. A brave world rather quarrel with a brother than with a coward. Shall a lion be a companion with a quarrel with one honest, sensible man, than with both.

MEN high in public rank are sometimes in ungracious, not as much from lack of ability as from want of application; but it is the common fate not to appear knave on what he can have without it—not to think a evil if he keep it, or to be the mouth-piece of a party.

THE same effects often proceed from opposite causes. We are as likely to be deceived by those who have many objects before us, as from having none—equally liable to be misled by the appearance of knowledge as by that of ignorance—by excess of forms and confusion.

It is stated as a fact, that, while an Albany grocer was praying with grain in hoary, "O thou knowest that I am a poor sinner," a customer was weighing out a pound of sugar.

WISDOM is better than physical power. Better have less sugar, a hundred times over, and not a spoon have on what he can have without it—not

THE RECLUSE

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Oh make a home and all had Hareld loved;
Or dreamed he loved, since rapture is a dream."
Byron.

Alone, alone—the misty moon hangs red
In silent veils of silver on the flowers;
Clouds float lazily to the world's familiar bread,
The birds are dreaming of the voiceless hours.

No, not alone—the winds are crazy at his door,
The fiendish flashing from his furrowed brow;
And shadows mentioned from the groves of hour,
Come gliding through Time's brief vistas now.

Most splendid will be to wounded years,
A form to look on once and never forget;
For now his cheek is paled by midnight tears,
And laughed are the still, rich curls of jet.

He walked the world and sneered at human love,
Then fled in solitude to cry in vain!
Now, by the mournful, haunted moonlight there
He looks on pictures that he knows too well.

One with a wife, dark eye that seems to flash
A proud defiance on his shrinking gaze,
As through the free forests the heavy hair
Would burn his heart for deeds of other days.

And then a sleepy child of sunlight here
Sleeps curled a brow laughing and dark and high;
And such a cheek! the rose is blushing there
As ruddy pink as the warm gone by.

"Mother," the children love, as if in fear
Of losing her, "mother, we love you, we love you,
An answer of unparalled never hath hear;
"Heaven!" and shuddering then he turns away.

Another, with soft curls of golden hue,
That gently shadow softly a lily brow;
And dreamy eyes of azure, deepest blue,
Just such as hangs over misty mornings now.

Over this he bends and from his clouded heart
There falls a sadness, cold, calm, and cold;
His sacrament—Mary, Mary—call them not,
As living, as worshiped as then were of old."

Then from the many more he sadly turns,
And gazes strangely over the skies and air,
Then chronicles the acts back that dreary hours,
And down down silently to his wonted prayer.

RICHARD HOFFMAN ·

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND BETRAYAL.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

LILLIAN AND AL MOORAD.

When Lillian recovered from the lethargic slumber in which the stunning device of Nadir had thrown her, she found herself a prisoner in a small, square cell in the solid stone, and lying upon a by a brazen lamp, suspended by a chain from the arched roof. Her impression was that she had fallen into a hideous dream; and she closed her eyes again, hoping that on re-opening them it would disperse—that she would find herself in the accustomed by the side of her adopted mother, whose name she quite murmured.

Involuntarily she shrinked forth her arms upon the pallet on which the prisoner had placed her in the grasp of affection did not encounter here. With a cry of terror she started to her feet.

"Where am I?" cried the agitated girl, looking wildly around her. "This is no dream, but reality—hideous reality. What has happened,—am I in a tomb or prison?

Twice she repeated the word "prison" to herself. Then, pressing her hand upon her burning brow, exclaimed, "For what can I be arrested?"

With fruitless eagerness she sprang towards the door. It proved less accommodating than to yield to her weak efforts, whilst the rock-sculptured walls of her prison cell echoed back her cries, as if in mockery of her vain attempts to force an egress from it.

Exhausted with her efforts, the hapless prisoner cast herself despairingly upon her pallet, where she remained buried in hopeless grief.

Suddenly she heard her name pronounced; and, raising her head from its soft pillow, beheld the Hasdeo banker, no longer clad in the sober garb he had worn in Calcutta, but habited as the Eastern prince, his belt and armlets glittering with gems.

"Lillian," repeated the trailer.

The sound of his voice convinced her she was not mistaken. Half mad with joy at beholding one whom she had known in happier times, she had frequently been a guest at the house of Mr. Cheslen, she threw herself at his feet, and implored him to save her.

"You will conduct me from this hideous place," she cried, "and restore me to my friends. You are too good, too generous to wage war against the happiness of a feeble girl. You will save me: I will, you not save me?"

"Your liberty," replied Al Moorad, "depends upon yourself."

There was something in the look which accompanied his words which caused the captive to repeat from him.

"On one condition," he added, "you shall be free this instant."

In a mournful tone Lillian repeated the word "condition."

"I love you," continued the artful villain; "not with the sickly, puny passion which languishes in cotton love, but with the ardor of the East. Consent to be mine and this moment seem a golden half day—a moment's dream. The wealth of realms shall deck your matchless form; your every wish be anticipated. Say, for your sake, I will forego the vow of hatred I have sworn against the Christian appointed my enemy, and my power shall protect and preserve your friends."

"Then I vowed that I love another," answered the maiden; "that my plighted troth is his."

The Hindoo regarded her with a cynical smile.

"Besides," she added, speaking in accents more firmly, "our fathers are different—I am a Christian, you are an idolater."

"We can overlook that barrier," observed Al Moorad, struggling to make her hand. "A love like mine recks at such vain distinctions."

"Love!" exclaimed the terrified girl, in mournful accents; "true love is not a selfish passion; it seeks not happiness at the expense of another's misery. What have I done?—how offended that that thou shouldst pass like a dark shadow between me and the star of my existence? It is true that I am in thy power," she added; "but that, if thou hast one spark of manhood left, will be my protection and safety. I have friends who will transact me richly."

"The wealth of Ind," replied her oppressor, "would not redeem thee. One smile from those sweet lips is far more precious to me than all the treasures of ravaged India. I need not the gold of the English."

"For their vengeance then," said Lillian, trying to assume a courage she was far from feeling. "The rajah has already been defeated in his attack upon the temple."

"Still thou art in my power," observed the banker, "in a spot where the invaders's foot hath never trod."

"My countrymen may find me, even here; if living, release—if dead, avenge."

"Girl," replied the banker, "I would fain owe the happiness I seek to thy own consent. Al Moorad is not the least distinguished on the peerage of his race. Conform in the faith of India's gods, who have proved their superiority in the downfall of the Christians, the dispersion of their power, and I will wed thee according to the rights of Brahma."

"Deny my God!" exclaimed the captive, indignantly; "offer the baptismal seal of regeneration from my brow—become the wave and play of all who love me! never—never, death were a thousand times more preferable. But you are not serious; such fearful words cannot be meant as a trial of my constancy and faith!"

"Death!" repeated the Hindoo. "I almost believe that thou wouldst brave it; but there are trials which precede it."

The licentious look of the speaker explained his meaning more fully than his words.

"Kill me," answered Lillian, "and I will pardon thee."

"Kill me! Girl, thy life is more precious to me than even the triumph of my race. I will not set an opportunity. Four-and-twenty hours I give thee to reflect upon my offer, then——"

"Have pity on my tears—my agony!" interrupted the unhappy girl, fearful lest her care should be palliated by a menace whose words would stain her cheek with shame;—"have pity on me and let me die!"

"Have I not suffered, too," retorted the Indian, "and had my agonies?—seen thee leaning on another's arm—gazing with love-lit eyes upon the features—drinking with willing ears the music of his fascinating tongue—and walled my feelings in? Such a smile, even whilst my heart dropped blood!"

LILLIAN AND AL MOORAD.

"You have doubtless heard," he said, "of the attempt to plunder the house of my young friend here, and the death of one of the robbers?"

The merchant repeated the words "death" and "robbers" in his confusion he scarcely knew what to say.

"The unfortunate man," added our hero, "proves to be your clerk, Mr. Bardell."

"Impossible!" ejaculated his confederate.

"Alas, before breakfast!" continued the artful confessor," resumed the old master, "and gave into the hands of Mr. Tyrrell the key of all the contents of his late employer, which papers are of importance to the future prospects, I may say happiness, of my friend."

"I cannot give them up," exclaimed Mr. Chalmer, hastily, for he felt a secret satisfaction in thwarting the interests of one whom he regarded as the cause of his downfall and unhappiness. "Mr. Tyrrell is neither the executor nor heir of the deceased."

"In that case it will be my painful duty," observed the lieutenant, "to make public the assertion of the dying man—that he was urged by you to undertake the criminal enterprise in which he met his death."

"It is ridiculous! What motive?"

"Ask your own heart," interrupted Richard, "and you will find a reason for the unjust suspicions which have poisoned its better feelings and wrenched the purity it should have retained. My happiness—the fame of one most dear to me—depend upon the possession of those papers. You surely cannot be so cruel and unjust as to withhold them from me."

"I am not to be taught my duty," said the merchant, coldly.

"I am afraid you will never feel it, Herbert," said his wife, who at the same moment entered the apartment, "if we are to take degradation you have reduced me. I have overheard every word that has transpired."

Her husband hid his face with mortification.

"You must give up the papers," added the speaker.

"Never," said Mr. Chalmer, sullenly.

Zamora turned from him with an expression of pain and disappointment.

"The world has read you a strange lesson, Richard," she observed, "since you landed in California. You little thought that I should ever condescend to act the eavesdropper, or my husband the thief!"

"Thief, madam!" exclaimed the merchant, indignantly.

"How else do you designate those who rob, or league with robbers?" demanded the lady, coldly. "But I am tired of this wretched warfare! Lieutenant Harsh, when does the next vessel sail for the Atlantic?"

"You will be the bearer of it to England," he said.

"And you?"

"Will raise Lillian," replied our hero. "I have paid my debt to duty, although the struggle has been a severe one, and love now asserts its claims."

"You hear!" said Mrs. Chalmer, addressing her husband; "the imaginary rival you have singled out to be jealous of is at least a noble one, and worthy a woman's heart."

"I cannot argue the point with you, Richard," observed his friend; "for feeling, if not reason, tells me you are right; but I must accompany you in the search. We either return in the vessel, or remain to be added," or leave our bones in India."

As neither argument nor entreaty could shake the resolution of Richard, the party were conducted through the usual channel to Mr. Bently; and the next day the whole of Agundus was startled by Jack Sanders and his gazelles, well armed and mounted, and escorted from Calcutta, all observing the customs of the native travelers.

There was but little difficulty in following the route taken by the fugitives and their aiders; and for several days the party pursued their way unmolested.

The first adventure which befell them occurred in the jungle. Richard, Harsh, and Sanders generally led him in advance of his companions; unexpectedly found himself face to face with a tiger, which, as we have mentioned in the scourge of India—a royal tiger. So electrified was he in his reveries, that it was only by the sudden terror of his horse, which refused to proceed, that our hero was made aware of the danger. The lieutenant and Sanders were already prepared to make its deadly spring, when Jack, perceiving the master's peril, levelled his rifle and fired.

The bullet wounded the animal slightly in the neck. Enraged with the pain, it paused for an instant; then crouched again, lashing its sides to and fro with its tail.

"Fly!" shouted the lieutenant, who by this time had joined the party.

At that same instant a shot was first from the jungle, and Jack fell, mortally wounded, to the earth.

The three travelers looked around, undecided from whence the timely aid had come, and for whom the treacherous ball was intended. Richard, however, in a wrestling grasp, half-reclining on the dress of a fakir, making his way through the thicket.

Tyrrell expressed his gratitude in Hindustani, which compliment the stranger returned in his native tongue.

"Is it possible that you have forgotten me?" he said. "But I ought not to be surprised at it: the mother who bore me, and the wife who loved me, would not have instantly recognized me."

Suddenly our hero grasped his arm, and pronounced the name of "Mark Hyson."

CHAPTER LXXV.

MARK HARTEN'S STORY.

"How is it?" exclaimed our hero, "that I find you thus disguised?" and why are you absent from your regiment? It has not deserted?"

"I am starving," replied Mark, in a hoarse voice; "I give me food; I have not tasted for three three days?"

Like most travelers in India, the friends were well provided, and Jack hastily set before him an abundant supply.

"But one word," added Richard, "to relieve my anxiety—Lillian?"

"Well when I left her," answered the hungry

man, ravenously eating on the first morsel presented to him, and drowning it like a famished wolf.

Having appeased his appetite at last, Mark Harper, although he still continued to cast longing glances at the remnants of the repast which Jack was replacing in his saddle-bags, instituted his readiness to relate the circumstances which had taken place since the departure of the 41st from Calcutta.

Day by day the disguised soldier described the march of the regiment till it arrived at the village where the treacherous attack upon the Sepoys came to the escape through the blazing jungle, and the refuge within the walls of the temple. The astonishment and excitement of the hearers broke forth in words they could no longer repress.

"Gallant fellows!" exclaimed the lieutenant, his professional pride deeply gratified by the narrative. "Sir Charles has proved himself worthy to command them."

"And Lillian?" inquired Richard, who thought few of the glory his countrymen had won than of her danger; "how did she bear the horrors of such a scene?"

"I cannot tell you how ashby," replied Mark, his feelings wavering at the recollection; "and they were so common-place that sensible hearts like she and Lady Bell had both heard of the fearful massacre at Cawnpore, and knew that they would await them should they fall into the hands of their enemies. But they were prepared to meet it," he added, solemnly.

How prepared?" demanded his hearers, in a tone of surprise.

"I ought to have said escape it," answered the soldier, "for death. Oh! God forbid that ever heard Lady Bell assert a solemn promise from your friend, Mr. Winston, not to allow them to fall alive into the power of the rebels."

The lover bit his lips to repress his strong emotion. More than once he essayed to speak, but a rising something in his throat choked his utterance.

"It would have been murder," sobbed Jack Manders; "and you don't suppose I should have blunted the noble gentleman."

"A sacrifice, rather," observed the lieutenant, "and one which, if Heaven did not approve, its mercy might have pardoned. Sir Charles Wharton, thank Heaven, he was not called upon to exercise out his fatal prescience."

"We can tell what has since occurred? The rebels must have been reserved with more success, and their defenders slain, or pining hungry and have done the work of the rescued."

"Little fear of the latter," answered Mark, hopefully. "The place was well provisioned, for the natives had thrown most of their stores into the temple for security."

"Is the building a strong one?" inquired Marsh.

The lieutenant of Rose described it in terms sufficiently clear to make the still subaltern comprehend the advantages it afforded for defence.

"I would risk my life!" he exclaimed, "that it is still holding out; and your gallant band will keep the place against any force that was not backed by artillery. There lies the only danger!"

"Had the rajah any cannon?" eagerly demanded of our hero, turning to the disguised trooper.

"I believe not, sir."

"And but few?"

"Appeared a straggling place of no great strength."

These and many similar questions had to be answered before Mark was permitted to renew his narrative, which proved to be one of intense and living and privation.

For days after quitting the temple he had wandered, without daring to trust to the protection of his disguise, through the wood and jungle, avoiding the villages by day, and sleeping at night in the branches of some lofty tree, for the possession of which more than one he had to contest with the ferocious jaguar. When driven by hunger to approach some isolated dwelling, he had rested but a few instants, but returned to the shelter of the woods again, the craving of hunger once satisfied.

It was a painful task, as well as a dangerous one, that Mark Harper had undertaken; but a double motive urged and animated him: the first was the recovery of the good opinion of Sir Charles, the second, and strongest one, the safety of Rose, whom fair was involved the fate of her existence and the regiment. Whenever he found his courage failing, the recollection of all his wife had endured for his sake, nerved him, and he pressed forward, trusting against danger that might have appalled the strongest nerve, and braved death against hope.

At last the perseverance of the wanderer was rewarded; and, just as his overtasked powers of endurance gave way, he encountered the first detachment of the avenging force on its march to Delhi.

His melancholy message was soon told.

The intelligence that the rajah and his men belongered in their military position by overwhelming numbers of the rebels, and that they had themselves commanded the advancing troops; but he could do nothing without the aid of the regiment, soon, to whom he forwarded the message. The decision of the former was prompt and soldierly. The regiment must be relieved at any risk, and Mark was once more stationed with the guide of speedy succor. Were all the brave fellows as readily undertook the task; and had proceeded three for on his return, when Heaven heard the fate the lieutenant of preserving the life of our hero.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FRIENDSHIP.

BY ANNETTA MOORE.

The assertion that there is no true friendship in the world speaks so praise for the heart of him who makes it.

There is such a thing—much of it; and it is like a garden of roses, and sometimes a garden of the sandy desert, and in most cases he will know him who shows himself friendly who gives the proof.

And yet it is a fact that earthly friendship is everywhere imperfect and unsatisfying. There is so much of selfishness in even the most generous and enduring nature that, while we are sure to find, our cold-natured origin in complete communion.

Always, and with every human friend, there is something that we do not care to communicate, or a wise influence that is not towards communion. We know that in regard to certain things we should not be able to make ourselves understood—that in regard to certain other things we should not be able to gain sympathy, and that there is a part of us that up in darkness from our friend, however much we may love him. Then there are scenes which are near at our side, but which would wear out the patience of the most sympathizing earthly friend, were they to be uttered frequent intercourse; so we often laugh and talk gaily with our companions, urging them (for conscience's sake) to remain with us, when we heartily desire to be alone, that we may play the child, and weep in the abandonment of our own solitude. Friends soon grow weary of the tears and sighs occasioned by sorrows which never grow weary of mourning and tearing the heart.

And then we are all more or less hateful, at least at times; and when a person is deprived of the evil spirits in his own soul, he is very apt to feel that everybody else in the world is just as hateful, and, wretched as himself. In this mood some have written, and then they have declared that there was no friendship in the world. Poor souls! we can pity them. We know how abandoned they were to the wiles called to contend with that same fiend, oneself, about once in every twelve hours. But you've resist the devil, he will flee from you," and there is one way of resisting this particular form of fiend that is more specially successful than any other way.

When you are just about deciding that there really isn't any such thing as genuine friendship, start suddenly, and make for some place where you can do the act of a true friend. The moment that act is accomplished you'll be cured, for that time at least, of your disposition to believe in a lie.

When you are sitting gloomily down into the conclusion that naturally in the world there *nothing* about you, set to work and find out something or somebody that you care about him, and you'll soon find that you are an object of great indifference to after all. It may be that nobody cares a very great deal about you, it may be that you are really necessary to the happiness or comfort of a single person in the wide world; but if you are kind and friendly in your ways, you have, beyond all manner of doubt, many well wishers, and some warm friends.

If it is the will of God to set you solitary, to give you no friend, to take away all that you cling to you, you may do without that blessing; yes you can and do without friendship, for it is not to those about you who will be to you all that you will be to them; and by and by, when you have way through life, who will care for you when you are dying; who will weep a little while for you when you are dead. As for the perfection of friendship between two creatures (or the lack of love) do not expect it this side of Heaven.

But to effect this unwelcome truth (of every one's earthly or heavenly friendship) is not to overthrow one, that even here, where and while we are so imperfect that we are responsible for us to be true, true and affectionate friends and lovers to each other, God, who made the heart, and who understands it, is perfectly the friend of every one of us. He is our companion in the solitudes, because we are not two hours the same. He understands us. He is in our entire confidence.

"Alone with God, in every shade
In hour, with right hour, in joy
And when my heart is heavy laden
For God is the friend of sorrow.

"Alone with God! no jealous glare
Now stings us with its tantalizing shame—
No human smiles save likeness!

"Alone with God! O, my soul!
If anywhere's room comforters
The whole great universe is thronged it soul!

"Alone with God! He surely insists
Life's fleeting hours be spent with me
Life's dwelling place its companionship.

"Alone with God! O, help me!
The world's past the time will ever walk—
The life-long want to waste away alone!

"Alone with God! still nearer bend—
Oh! tender Father, constrained,
In this, my only friend, to find rest.

"Alone with God; with sunniest rests,
Alone with God; with tears,
Not best because He's not present.

"Alone with God; such is this scene,
Oh! I shrink me from life's cold alarms
O, save me alone with God forever!

"Alone with God! my Father, bless!
Oh Thy rejoicing is mine—
The soul this needs Thy tenderness
To feed upon in Heaven—Amen."

FATHER SAWYER.

BY GEORGIANA HERBERT.

One of the most interesting characters, if not the most interesting character of the Far West, of which is an aged minister, now residing in the city of S——, whose name I shall call Father Sawyer, for a select permission of his father to enter college.

Father Sawyer, in those days, was not exactly what it is now. A college course then included a classical education, and he consequently had his father's own young Sawyer entered upon that course.

Those ended, he went forth into what was as a wilderness, to gather his flock, and there he was scattered abroad, and to feed them with the bread of eternal life. He it was who deeply moved the city three years of age, and also in his daughter's home in Connecticut, and also in another city, so much so that he has to be fed. His mind seems also touched by the infirmity of age. His memory is as good as ever, but his conclusions are wrong (there is a difference) as clearly and correctly as words be.

More than three-quarters of his long life has been spent in the wilderness. Many years of this has he wandered through the woods, and among the mountains of Maine, preaching everywhere. On foot or on horse-back, in sun and rain, and in the winds, did he travel ring with his songs of praise, or murmur back an echo to his prayers.

"I should think," remarked a Professor of the Theological Seminary of S——; "I should think that Father Sawyer has traveled on horse-back as many miles as one would pass in circumnavigating the globe."

The occasions lately made to many of our readers in different parts of our land, have also called marvelously large—and so they are, considering the past ten or twenty years—and there are but many, many years, toward a hundred years ago, Father Sawyer received a call to preach to a few of sixty new members to his church in a small settlement in the rough and wild region of the Penobscot.

What a way "adown the track of memory" have the "scenes" of that old man's mind to fly!

When we saw him he sat at eventide erect in his old arm chair, and he looked at Heaven as he was thinking far, far backward.

He was waiting for his call of death, although his limbs were weak, and in his eyes no sight; his cheeks were sunken; that sanitest brow was fair, and the seams that crossed it were not half so deep as those that remorse and bitterness of spirit would drawn plough through the foreheads of the comparatively youthful.

The white hair, like a halo of glory and honor, encircled his head, and fell softly down upon his shoulders. He looked fully that which he was—a saint of God—whose work has been well done, now waiting for his call to enter upon his reward. Callers upon the Centennarian are numerous. Father Sawyer holds daily levees. His receptions are at all hours.

He greatly enjoys company. Strangers are always welcomed and treated with attention and respect. It seems as if the old gentleman knew almost everybody who had ever been born of their ancestors; and he never forgets old acquaintance.

Father Sawyer loses tolerably well. Those who have a distinct view find little trouble in conversing with him. His answers are still as courtly as those of a well bred man in his prime.

As he stood at the door to see us first question, when informed that he has lately callers. "I am glad to see you, sir," he said, "and delighted to know whether there are seats for you all," he added, with a smile.

The effect of a visit to Father Sawyer is a singular one. You feel unfortunately, that you stand upon the very borders of the Heavenly Land. You believe that you look upon a prophet; and it seems that could you stand beside him when he goes home, you could catch glimpses of the glory which will open to receive that soul in the sacred youth and vigor.

A ROBBER IN DISGUISE.

BY ARTHUR BENNETT.

A discussion having arisen among a party of gentlemen as to whether it is a wise policy to confider every man till he proved himself to be a rogue, or to consider every man a rogue till he proved himself to be an honest man, one of the party, who had been listening to the heated argument, said he would narrate an incident of his own experience, which would, he thought, throw some light on the subject, and at least prove pretty conclusively that it is best to be suspicious of strangers, and distrustful.

"The flaring of it—" he began, "found me a traveler through a certain portion of the West, on business connected with the bank of which I was at that time the agent, and for the transaction of certain of my duties I had to own considerable sum of money. At the town of L——, in the State of ——, I found myself compelled to remain over for four days, putting up at one of the principal hotels there, and on the evening of my arrival there arrived in the place the day after myself, and registered at the same house, a man whom I soon believed to be a clergyman from the outward, traveling guard for his health and party on a visit to some distant friends.

"We became acquainted somewhat incidentally, and from the first I was much taken with the man's appearance. He was some thirty years of age, of a slight, gentlemanly figure, with pleasant and poetic features, was dressed in a plain suit of black, and wore a white neckcloth and gold spectacles.

"In the course of conversation he gave me considerable information concerning himself; and in return I acquainted him with my business, and informed him that I should shortly set out en route for the city of ——, in the State of ——, in Tennessee.

"'Why, then, Sir,' he said, 'if it be agreeable to you, we will become fellow-travelers for that is also one of the points to visit myself.'

"'I should be most happy of your company,' I replied; 'when I have finished my business I shall be quite ve to ye've a son some two or three different towns on my route.'

"'It will not make any material difference to me,' he replied; 'I shall be very glad of your company, I will suit my time to yours. I suppose as I am for health and pleasure, and not business, I am in no hurry; and I am fond of both exercise and fatiguing—and I am satisfied I shall enjoy the trip much better if I have a friend with me to recall a companion.'

"This arrangement having finally been agreed upon, the Rev. Mr. Kinsey stated that he had a friend accompanying him, to whom he wished to visit; but though this would require his attention for the present, he would return punctually at the time appointed for our start.

"Shortly after this he left the hotel, and I saw no more of him until the next day, when I was again upon; but he returned according to promise, and we left the town together, and proceeded by railroad on from the town of L——, being crowded very much.

"At the village of S——, where I made my first halt, Mr. Kinsey also made his, and we both, as before, put up at the principal hotel there. I proceeded to transact the business which called me there, and Mr. Kinsey busied himself in preaching through the place, and admiring the rather commonplace scenery in the vicinity. Three hours after I arrange all my affairs for a fresh start; but as the place only contained a village the village once in twenty-four hours, I supposed I should not start again until the following day.

"Mr. Kinsey was very naturally disappointed; for shortly after returning to the hotel, my clerical friend presented himself, and informed me that he was ready to set forward.

"'Fortunately, my friend,' he rejoined, 'I have just met with a gentleman, who, with a party and a team of his own, is on his way from a village a few miles back of us, to the west, and he, as I found where I believe you mentioned it was your intention to make another halt; and if agreeable to you, we can gain one stage by going through with him; so that when the next regular conveyance comes along, you will probably be ready to take it and save at least one day's delay.'

"I told him that I was very agreeable one to me—for in three small places, after business is over, there is nothing to amuse a stranger, and as but I do not wish to be intrusive, and your friend may not be quite so accustomed with a stranger.'

"'Oh, I will settle that!' he rejoined; 'in fact have already done so, and as soon as I have told him myself, would like to resume your journey at once.' Accordingly I went to my friend, and spoke to Mr. Worrell to that effect, and he has expressed himself as being highly pleased at having so for company.

"Not to prolong my story with needless detail, I will merely say that we left the village and arranged to the satisfaction of all parties—my reverend friend included—that I should ride with the latter bringing him back in our hotel, in a covered, one-horse vehicle, in which was speedily transferred myself and baggage.

"When we all out from G——, it watched about an hour and a half of sunset; and it was calculated that, by good driving, we could reach S——, a little past midnight, which would give me the whole of the morning in advance of the regular stage, and enable me to be ready to take it when it should pass that way.

"For some three or four hours everything went on very pleasantly—the road being a good one, and leading through a fine but rather sparsely settled country—and Mr. Kinsey relieving the tedium of travel by congenial conversation.

"About noon we encountered I had become much attached to him. He was a man of the most intellectual sympathy, of manners the most pleasing, and appeared to possess a rare refinement of thought and speech. He had studied much, read much, travelled much, and had been at all times a deep and practical thinker—at least such seemed evident from his conversation. There was scarcely a subject that he did not seem familiar with, and he was ready at all times pleasantly and concisely. Though contending for the highest principles he was not, so far as I could judge, wanting in that true benevolence which excludes bigotry, and affirms a conviction that there are other men who are honest in their convictions. In short, by one means and another, he made himself very agreeable, that I must own even flattering fortune for our acquaintance, and secretly suggested that our arrival in the city of S——we would probably bring about a final separation.

"Night having set in as we journeyed onward, and our route, owing to the deep darkness of the night, to look through with the more interest, and being too uncertain for anything like speed, Mr. Worrell and myself became somewhat interested in the remarks of his clerical friend, who just as this time had become more than usually entertaining—our driver was allowed to pick his way forward at a gait most pleasing to himself.

"It was, however, time that we left the main road, I do not know; but at length my attention was aroused from the absorbing remarks of the Rev. Mr. Kinsey, by discovering, from the motion of our vehicle, that we were actually plunging into deep ruts or gullies, and jolting over stones—and anon, in a manner immediately with the idea of our having left the main road.

"Excuse me for interrupting you,' said I to Mr. Worrell, 'but I fear we have left the road—the main road?'

"'I can say fully, it would seem so!' he replied. 'Sir! friend Worrell—how about this? Surely we have not missed our way?'

"'There must have been a heavy rain here, and pulled the road,' answered Worrell; 'for my part I have not noticed it. Nothing like this before the way.'

"I think it will all come right presently, Mr. Wilkes,' said the clergyman, addressing me. 'The road is somewhat rough, it is true, but I think that is the main road, nevertheless. Let me see! where are we, Sir?—I remember!' and forthwith he resumed his story, and went on to its conclusion, which was almost upon him, when more and all this time jolting, rocking, and plishing as before continued.

"'Well, upon my word, friend Worrell,' he said, as soon as he had finished his narration, 'I am almost inclined to believe you have got out of the main road indeed?'

"'I do not see how that can be,' replied the other; 'for certainly the instinct of my horse would not permit him to take from a route which he must know leads to good quarters!'

"'Certainly,' said Mr. Kinsey, 'an examination will soon decide it. I think myself there is some mistake. Do not disturb yourself, however, friend Worrell,' he added, as he left the vehicle with his friend, 'but remain quietly where you are, and we will soon have the matter set right.'

"After leaving the carriage for two companions walked away together a few paces, as if to make a more minute survey of the surrounding scene, and I heard them conversing together in low, cautious tones.

"'And then it was I scarcely know how my wife, with the children, would get on without me, and I got to creep over me. Who were these men? I heard one of them was a clergyman—and could I suspect a man of his sacred calling? and his companion was his friend. His! but did I know him to be a friend of the gospel? Might he not be a well in sheep's clothing?' I then remembered having heard of sacked depredators and robbers assuming a clerical appearance for the purpose of carrying out their sinister designs; and my suspicions being now fully aroused, I thought rapidly and even painfully, and recalled a hundred little incidents which I had noted in the course of the day, seeming to form a chain of evidence that should be both strong and condemned.

"Who was this Mr. Kinsey? I had met him at the hotel—he had come to me—he had apparently pressed himself upon my acquaintance; he had sought my companionship out, and had done so, notwithstanding such decided marks of coldness as I must manifest from a like proceeding; he had absolutely forced himself upon my acquaintance, and unexpectedly, and somewhat mysteriously, had turned up on the road, and persuaded me to accept of a private conveyance instead of the public stage coach; and we had proceeded together in a plain road, or else turned into some by-path in a manner which made suddenly; and in addition to you, we can gain one stage by going through with him so that when the next regular conveyance comes along, you will probably be ready to take it and save at least one day's delay.'

"'Why, I must confess that a very agreeable one to me—for in three small places, after business is over, there is nothing to amuse a stranger, and as but I do not wish to be intrusive, and your friend may not be quite so accustomed with a stranger.'

"'Oh, I will settle that!' he rejoined; 'in fact have already done so, and as soon as I have told him myself, would like to resume your journey at once.' Accordingly I went to my friend, and spoke to Mr. Worrell to that effect, and he has expressed himself as being highly pleased at having so for company.

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"When we all out from G——, it watched about an hour and a half of sunset; and it was calculated that, by good driving, we could reach S——, a little past midnight, which would give me the whole of the morning in advance of the regular stage, and enable me to be ready to take it when it should pass that way.

"For some three or four hours everything went on very pleasantly—the road being a good one,

in a deep hollow, with a brawny wood on either side of the narrow by-road. My companions were still conversing in low tones in a short distance. Suddenly I grept up to within a few feet of them, just in time to hear the voice of the reverend gentleman say:

"'Yes, Charley, I tell you it can be done in that way. We will announce that we have made a mistake; and then, in our apparent endeavor to turn the carriage, we will manage to cramp and upset it. Then, as you pretend to assist Wilkes to get out, you will strike him in the head as to pitch him forward upon the ground, so that we can have nothing more to do than run and plunder him into the bushes, and get an end to him where he will be found at once upon the path.'

"I heard this, and, without waiting for a reply, turned to the back of the carriage, to await the result. I could have escaped, but a large portion of my money was contained in my traveling trunk, and I was resolved that that should not fall into the hands of the villains, even if they escaped themselves.

"I had scarcely got myself into the position intended, when Mr. Worrell came up to the carriage; and addressing me, whom he supposed to be asleep, he said, with a laugh, that the driver of the he had lost the whip, for by some means or other he had got upon a by-road, and that therefore they would soon turn the carriage about and regain the main road. He then advised me to keep perfectly quiet, that he would manage the matter in a moment or two, and so forth; and so on; to which I replied—speaking through the hole in the vehicle, so that my voice sounded within—that, having no whip, I was not at all surprised to leave it unless he required more help.

"The two men then proceeded to manage the vehicle, and no managed matters so in quiet is as they intended. I was then placed against a tree, and the ground as if from within.

"'Let it rest,' cried I, 'you are much hurt?' exclaimed Worrell, in sympathetic and anxious tone. I made a signal.

"'Ah! Sir, what a blundering accident!—let me assist you?'

"But I began to feel carefully forward for that purpose, I slipped quickly around to the side where he stood, and struck him a blow that nearly buried him to the ground, where he lead, and before he could recover against which he was prived him of consciousness.

"'He has it!' cried I, seeing my purists and turning upon Kinsey, whom in the fatal light I discovered in the act of springing forward, 'you are caught in your own trap, and must pay the penalty.' Take that, thou doubly-damned monster, and rest in thy sins!'

"I pulled one trigger as I spoke, but the cap only exploded, and the pistol remained unfire charged. The next moment, along with a bitter imprecation, I received a blow from a stout cudgel blow upon my forehead; and by a strange feeling of confusion which immediately followed, I comprehended that I was to be pitted against a man of no ordinary strength and courage.

"The fight that ensued was a desperate one, and through his heart that he fell back dead, almost without a groan.

"Gentlemen, I need not prolong my story. I was rescued by Kinsey's shot, but not seriously, the ball having merely grazed my left breast. I was without fracturing it, and producing dizziness and confusion for a short time, but not at any moment of consciousness. I therefore was enabled to get up to the town of S——, before the excitement from the effects of his fall; and righting the vehicle, and placing him and his companion within it, I led the horse back to the main road, and drove on to the town of S——, where I gave the alarm that, where I roused the inn-keeper and several of the inhabitants, who, by aid my story, and placed both the living and the dead in charge of the proper authorities.

"Subsequently I appeared at the trial of Worrell, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted of the murder of the reverend gentleman. During that trial it came out that both he and Kinsey were well known villains, belonging to an organized band of desperadoes; and that Kinsey, under the appearance of the pseudo clergyman at L——, had selected me as a fitting victim to waylay and murder me for my money. Unsuspecting that I had been all along watched upon, and by a kind Providence had barely been saved from their villainy.

"But I weave you, gentlemen, the lesson was one which I was never forgetful, and shall ever remember; and I think no one can blame me for henceforth insisting upon every man proving himself worthy of confidence before I put faith in him."

THE CHRISTIANIZATION OF LITERATURE.

The movement in literature in the direction of the rich and varied literature of the present age, to which we have been to cause in a measure, is a healthier, indeed, literature was ever anything different.

Were you to question them on the point, most of the people you met would say that it was a mistake? to answer you at all. And, when the answer was forthcoming, it would be something like this: tell you that it sprang, full-fledged, from the brain of Sir Walter Scott, and that he has talked since with single-horseman. Most readers, in fact, are content to take authorship as they get it, and give—the severe struggles—through which it has reached its present stage of progress. Especially have they failed to appreciate the influence which Christianity has exercised over it in the more modern stage of its existence and development. A word, therefore, on this point, may be acceptable to our readers.

In the thought of an able French writer, readers, the effect produced upon literature by opposing powers have dispelled the empire of humanity, as it has been in the hands of Christianity and spirituality—or, to speak according to the phraseology of Scripture, the flesh and the spirit, the old man and the new.

For three thousand years the world was under the dominion of the flesh. It had a language, a literature, and a poetry, the faithful expression of humanity which it was transformed. For this alone it lived. This alone it pursued, everywhere. Had it revealed everything else, it would, consciously, in all its forms. But Christianity, at length, came to the assault of this spirituality. This has been gradually gaining the control of the world's literature, ever since its divine advent. We say it is "gaining," for no careful and candid observer would be reckless enough, in view of the adverse facts, to assert that its conquest is yet complete. But its march, however retarded, is still upward and onward.

Briefly presented, this is the great issue which has been joined by Christianity with the ancient the Paganism. The prize is the control of the world's thoughts, opinions, and sentiments—in a word, its very destiny.

THE STARS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Now the Moon is up, with tender,
Pale and melancholy light,
And the stars are open wide
Through the depths of Night.
Let us watch them, dear, and learn
For the luminous Moon and Stars.

Trailing in the far-off heaven,
With a soft and silvery light,
Hovers from their lights my Dove!
Bids them gather in council
Half they have not, still they woo me,
Shall I escape they would trammel me.

Hasten ages, on fall and perish,
Are not brighter than those eyes
That, with silver glances, enrich
All my dreaming in the skies.
Child, I saw and could but love those,
Wondering what there was above them.

Now, with holier light they gather,
Since one taught by looking heart—
Telling for such love to listen—
How our friends who walk among
Through the mist of cloud, and leave us
Are the Stars, which in this world

That the Night is death, and deeply
Only leave us up alone,
Where, like those I'm fondly spying,
Thou, my Dove, shalt shine
Linked on still the longest chain,
In their gold-nested spheres.

Proud but, and Queen Isabel
Thou, my Dove, shalt be one more,
Meet and wonderful among
Tracks to ascend through the years
Old and gray here! Dare ! I matter
Heart-full homage to your spheres for!

And in crying and craving, closing
Eyes, I see thee, my Dove,
See the golden age ascending
Left him where and stark alone;
Upward gazing, yet restore me
All the luminous gone before me.

Hungry is that eye's bones,
Where your softness image has;
Hungry is the sunless blossom
Glooming with its dewy eyes—
In your glances a dearest pleasure
Like a heart that joys while dreaming.

Fade not cool!—never-age quench,
Through the deep and solemn night;
Hopes are fond and promises darken,
O, for some enfolding light!
So ye still that light above me,
Imaging the star that here me.

EMILY WINTERS;

OR,

SAVED FROM BEING A GOVERNESS.

BY CORA BELL.

It was a small, gloomy-looking house in one of the obscure squares of London, before which a crowd of people assembled—or not exactly assembled, for the crowds were quite momentarily formed by the passers-by, who paused to stare up at the closed shutters of the mansion, then, after a moment or two, passed on, to make room for others.

"When did it happen?" said one.

"This morning."

Yes, that morning Mr. Winters, the eminent banker, had committed suicide. If John Winters had one fault in particular, it was overweening pride. He belonged to an old and long-established house, had been uniformly rich and just in his dealings, so that when a crash came, which a little patience would have shown his creditors was caused by the embezzlement and fraudulent dealing of his partner, his rank under the shock, and committed the fatal act.

He was an old man, and had married late in life, leaving no only child to mourn his loss.

A more morbid or delicate organization than Emily Winters's could have been under the horrors that surrounded her; but God, who tempers mercy with justice, was kind to the young girl, and enabled her, though half wild with grief and agony, to go through it all. An execution was in the house—the tramp of many feet—coarse, unfeeling voices—then a calm came—forced, angry emotions had taken everything, and the poor girl found herself without even a roof.

Yes, it was the old story, over and over related —friends by from the unfortunate. The old banker had led a quiet, unostentatious life, one which had probably saved his memory from reproach more effectually than anything else, save paying his debts, could have done. His household consisted but of his daughter, housekeeper, and one servant, and his expenditure would have been carried with careful economy; he seldom saw company, except a few formal dinner parties in the year. Many visits of condolence were indeed paid to Emily, but those were chiefly prompted by curiosity, and after obtaining whatever information they could, the party withdrew, hoping that she would be able to get something to do that soon relieved her a home.

We have said that Emily Winters had no friend beside that Great Being who watches with more especial care over the helpless and the outcasted of humble, faithful one, who still adhered to her—her father's housekeeper.

Mrs. Simpson had not been in Mr. Winters's service long, but she had been quite long enough to appreciate the goodness and amiable demeanor of her young mistress, and to have her heart touched with pity at her unmerited change of position. Indeed, having lived in several wealthy families, she had accumulated sufficient money to retire, and her attachment to the motherless child had alone detained her for the last few years in the service of her's employment. Her son John, too, then a shipping, had been for some time in business for himself, and had progressed so well as to have purchased a small substance cottage and garden. It was hardly a mansion of pretension, and neither she nor her young charge removed.

After the first burst of grief was over, Emily felt grateful to find even a refuge for the present. Oh! the bitterness of leaving home for the first time, the same home, and except an occasional trip to Margate or Tunbridge, she had known no other. Dearly she loved that old house, every nook and crannny of which was familiar to her; that gloomy, unfashionable square had been the only scene of her childhood, and its formal graveled walks, and rows of gnarled, stunted trees were pleasant to her eyes, as green fields and babbling brooks to others. Quiet and unobtrusive as it would sound with our companions always it, there was a world of sensibility slumbering unconsciously in her heart —a love for every created thing, that gave a sweet gravity to her eyes, and a brightness to her smile, that caused the beholders mentally to bless her.

She was only seventeen, and the bright little world of youth and innocence cannot long remain dimmed by sorrow. A smile—the smile of an humble, grateful heart—lighted her face as she glanced round the neatly-papered room assigned to her use in their new home, and finally that her books, work-box, piano, and various trifles, the gifts of her father, had been brought away, purchased secretly (she knew not to her innocence) by some noble, hard-working people.

Emily had no false estimate to grieve after—her youth and retained life had probably saved her from that mortification. She was not beautiful painted face and card racks into one and another, but the loveliness of her person and character requiring the loving atmosphere of home to exhibit their beauties to perfection.

Emily wished to be able to assist her friends, and she calmly puzzled her head as to the best mode of obtaining a livelihood.

She did not at first fully realize the dread import of that word, as, nor for many weary weeks, until almost every resource had been exhausted. She did not play well enough to teach music, painted fans and card racks into one and another, and would only bring a mere trifle. Mrs. Simpson sent her face against needle-work, which in London, she said, was never paid for as woman's work should be paid for. "No, my child," said she, "leave needlework alone; it would steal the brightness from your eyes, and the red or from your cheeks, and bring you to the grave sooner than any employment I know in the world."

Mrs. Simpson and her kind son would have dismissed her from thinking of anything at all for the present, for they were so happy to provide for and sensible not to see the necessity of exertion and self-dependence.

A governess was the next thing that suggested itself. Her education had been good, not only finish, and her manners were refined and ladylike; but when, day after day, she read advertisements for governesses, and scanned up the list of the different acquirements and qualification necessary for them to possess, her heart sunk at her hopeless and insufficient for the purpose.

By Mrs. Simpson's desire, however, she answered the only two that promised a personal application, as she said it would be time for no opportunity of interesting the parties better than by letter.

Emily's first visit was to Kensington, and her heart sadly misgiving at a magnificent mansion in Soho Square. After an hour's delay, a staid, middle-aged lady, in a cap with a deal of false hair, and a decisive expression of countenance, entered the drawing-room. Emily's anxiety was over-ay the replied by a supercilious stare, then, coolly raising her eyeglass to her eye, surveyed her a full lorgne, the concerned a running series of questions, some of which were absolutely absurd.

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Hem, rather too young," bridling, and surveying herself in the opposite mirror; "quite so. I would prefer a person of more experience. Are you of the Established Church? What minister attends you? Do you play well? Can you be fluently versed in mathematics?"

These queries were only answered when new ones were propounded.

"Do you speak Italian and German?"

Emily did not speak German.

"That's unfortunate, for I require my governess to read German to my daughters every morning. Lady Bolson assured me it is the only way in which she learned, a good pronunciation of the girls. I hope that your temper is suitable—I lay great stress on temper; Adelaide Maria Bolson, a young lady almost impossible to manage, unless you have a temper of iron. Her self-willed cousin, Olivia Mary has a strong will, and requires her wounding powers frequently appealed to; and Profound—"

Poor Emily ventured to say that she thought her temper was good, and—and—I did not open a wager it was, that looked on her sweet, patient face, and the gentle, dignified grace with which she listened to all the possible and impossible qualifications were required of her.

The lady rose. "I give twenty pounds a year. Should your references prove satisfactory, I will send to your address; but I am afraid that your not knowing German will prove a serious objection."

Her next visit was to a little inn regal dwelling. A tall, thin lady, with long, spiral curls, received us but, dressed in an elaborate morning costume of blue silk, and a cap of lace.

After the first critical glance, she inquired, in a compering voice, if Emily sang. Emily did, but it was generally ballads.

"Ballads—hem!" looking down into sing the fashionable songs of the day, my Italian would operas, &c.?

Emily said, yes—occasionally.

"Can you compose music?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh! then I would require a person who can compose well, as I frequently write my own words set to music. Have you seen my last, 'Adelia's Lament?'"

Emily replied in the negative.

The musical genius purred up her mouth, and said coldly—

"I don't think that you would just suit. I require a person of great taste—a finished musician in fact—who should sing very brilliantly. My voice is a fine soprano, but requires a powerful rather weak for there the lady gave a hearty hem. I should also like a person who could play well, as I could require you to sing my compositions for company. Ah! then you wear mourning, a thing I am decidedly object to. I am very sympathetic and can't bear persons with gloomy colors about me. So no good to me. Good-morning." And she gladly touched it. "Adamant," to a servant man in livery, who stood at the door, "Adamant, Good morning."

Five or six similar interviews completely subdued Emily's naturally timid character, and her heart throbbed wildly when any advertisement met her eyes, in which she thought there was a chance encouragement to seek an interview. She would have wept in secret, but she was too grateful not to murmur, or even inertly to repine at Providence. She applied herself to her needle, and her kind friends. Her providing influence was still in the little household, for Mrs. Simpson had a thousand excuses to make for the first tea, the same hour, and except an occasional trip to Margate or Tunbridge, she had known no other. Dearly she loved that old house, every nook and cranny of which was familiar to her; that gloomy, unfashionable square had been the only scene of her childhood, and its formal graveled walks, and rows of gnarled, stunted trees were pleasant to her eyes, as green fields and babbling brooks to others. Quiet and unobtrusive as it would sound with our companions always it, there was a world of sensibility slumbering unconsciously in her heart —a love for every created thing, that gave a sweet gravity to her eyes, and a brightness to her smile, that caused the beholders mentally to bless her.

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Emily replied in the negative.

The musical genius pursed

PARTING.

BY ALICE CARY.

There for your cheek to raise, Effie,
And any of the drifts of snow
Are running from the northern winds
Like banks from the wolf's' Fur, oh!

We hear robin sound and record, Effie,
Even within our inside ear,
And the ear is running to any blood—
Else not, and make it water.

And put your hats, white hands, Effie,
Upon my face, and say
You'll name my name sometimes at night,
When you have down to pray:

That adds my foolish eyes, Effie!
I cannot keep them dry—
To turn an easy thing to say
The single word, good-by.

Or there is close to yours, Effie,
In kissing over your lips,
And my arms are made to a silver cell,
And I may under your lips.

The snow drifts run all night, Effie,
Like lambs from th' wolf, and, oh!
I and my tears all cover your feet,
And could not warm you so.

And when I kneel again, Effie,
As we are used, to pray,
If you are gone, I cannot think
Of a single word to say.

But I need not name your name, Effie,
For the core of the blame, and
Will say you wrings in my heart as salt—
As oft' runs in th' stung deal."

THE CABIN-BOY.

A SHIP-MASTER'S STORY.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

On my way across the Sound I fell in with two old sea-captains—John Streeter and Asa Morton—with whom I had once sailed in company. Streeter was all of three-score, and had followed the sea during most of his life. Morton was considerably younger, but still a seaman of much experience. The subject of the abolition of flogging in our navy came up in course of conversation, and Captain Morton expressed himself very decidedly in favor of keeping up that time-honored institution of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

"I am not prepared to say," remarked Captain Streeter, in reply, "that the condition of our merchant-seamen will be in every case benefited by the abolition of flogging, though I am sure that it *might* be so. The result would, after all, depend upon the habits and dispositions of the officers. The simple hanging up of the 'cat' and 'colt' cannot prevent ill-disposed officers, commanders and boatswains from treating their men like brutes. Still, I regard the movement as a step in the right direction, and I should refer to Captain Morton's own experience as evidence in favor of my opinion."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why," returned the old captain, with a touch of indignation in his emphasis, "if they would commence the reform where the evil is deepest rooted, they would reform the officers first. Give our navy-men humane and kind-hearted officers, and there would be no need of resorting to legal enactments for the comfort of the sailor. A ship will be a tyrant still, whether he have the cat in his hand or not, and the men will suffer under him. He will find plenty of brutal and degrading modes of venting his vengeance. I will not, however, take his case at all, but will refer anywhere you please to more than is generally imagined."

"But," said Morton, "do I understand you to mean that flogging is ever necessary on board a ship?"

"I mean more than that," answered Streeter. "I mean that the officer loses in a million-fold power to do away with nearly all kinds of punishment—I mean, of course, for such offenses as are now punished on shipboard."

"For my part," returned Morton, "I should not care to take command of a ship if the power to punish refractory seamen as I thought proper were taken from me."

"Well," resumed Captain Streeter, "I used to think as you do. In fact, since never I was passionate and severe than I was. Men used to run away from me, and on more than one occasion my very life has been taken away from the vengeance of men whom I had abused. I used the cat and the rope's end almost as a matter of course, my tongue; and I used to wonder how it happened that I always had the luck to get such bad men.

"When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship 'Providence.' She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety; but her owners were willing to run a venture with her, as they would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing occurred worthy of note about the eighth day out, when we ran afoul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not more than six or eight feet of the ice was out of the water, it having been nearly all melted away in the warmer water of the Gulf-stream. I did not think that we had sustained any injury, for the shock was very slight; but I was very angry, and gave the lookout a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in season to escape it.

"My watch was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from a widowed mother, and had promised her that I would use him well treated—that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent lad; but I even made myself believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of youthful humanity that I had ever come across. I made up my mind that he should be soon properly governed, and I forthwith resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper for his future if I had done with him. In reply he told me that I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen-top gallant-sail halliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he had got enough, and he told me that I might flog more if I wished to. I felt a strong temptation to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about that boy's disposition I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would start off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the dogged position with which I found fault.

"One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him and told him to go below and bring up my quadrant. He was lounging over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me, and the next time I spoke I tipped out as soon, and intimated that if he didn't move I'd help him.

"'I didn't hear you,' he said, with rather an independent tone.

"'No words,' said I.

"'I s'pose I can speak,' he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion-way.

"He took, and his words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar with—

"'Speak to me again like that,' said I, 'and I'll flog you within an inch of your life!'

"'You can flog away,' he replied, as firm and unchanged as ever.

"And I did flog him. I caught up the end of the first rope that came handy, and beat him till my arm fairly ached. But he never cried, nor whined.

"'If o w'e that?' said I.

"'There is little more life in me yet than you'll better flog out,' was his reply.

"And I beat him again, but at last my strength gave out, and I had adjusted it for my observation. I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was to blame for my misdemeanor, and I went into the cabin.

"After supper I went to the hatchway, and called the boy, but he returned me no answer. So I closed the hatch, and went away. At ten o'clock I called again, and again I got no answer. I might have thought the thing out and taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him cry, at an hour before, bitterly to himself. I did not trouble him again until the next morning; but I went to the hatchway after breakfast, and called out to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called, and received tears, but he would make me no answer; and yet the mere man-trip me that they had heard him talk about me. He could not be left in his life. He still he thought out of himself—he was ready to die—but he would save the rest of his soul. So I had a consultation with the men—all of them, several times of going to the hatch-way and calling for help; but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His strength was failing him—his limbs were racked with pain—but he would not yield, and I would not. If he should not have given up I'd had out-sense'd him. He answered me that he would not. He knew I wished to take his life from him